

THE BEST FOOTBALL STORIES EVER WRITTEN!

# FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY.

## GOOD STORIES OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1905 by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 5.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 6, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

## FRANK MANLEY'S GREAT LINE-UP; OR, THE WOODSTOCK ELEVEN ON THE JUMP.

*By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."*



Now, for a glimpse of Manley's new tactics! There was a tense moment as Hal prepared for the snap-back. Then the signal came, and with it the explosive surprise.





# Frank Manley's Weekly

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# FRANK MANLEY'S GREAT LINE-UP;

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## The Woodstock Eleven on the Jump.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### JIU-JITSU IN FOOTBALL.

"Squad One, engage in passing!"

Immediately the east side of the athletic grounds of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club became the scene of some lively work.

"Squad Two, practise falling on the ball!"

Squad Two went at its own drill work in earnest.

"Squad Three, practise tackling against Squad Four!"

That final order set nearly the last youngster of the club in motion.

Captain Frank Manley and his lieutenant, Hal Spofford, stood side by side to watch the lively scene.

Near them, smiling as if he hugely enjoyed it all, was Inow Sato, student, and the Japanese member of the club, who undertook the jiu-jitsu instruction.

"The fellows are taking hold in some sort of a way at last," commented Manley.

"They ought to be, with the first game coming Saturday," retorted Hal.

"We shall show them one or two new things this morning," hinted the young captain, who was also the club's coach.

"What they're all anxious to know," went on Hal, "is how the Japanese trickery of jiu-jitsu can be applied to winning football games."

"Well, they'll get their first instalment of that this morning," replied Frank.

"Will they?" demanded Hal, eagerly. "I'll confess I'm as anxious as any of the fellows."

He turned to Sato, adding:

"I hope it's something good."

"Good enough," replied the Jap, easily.

"And doesn't come under the head of fouls?" persisted Hal.

"No," answered Manley.

"And it's nothing mean, either?"

"Nothing mean," Manley assured him. "But the tricks are rather humorous. By the use of these tricks you are able to make the man you tackle throw himself."

"Throw himself?" repeated Hal, in perplexity.

"Yes; otherwise the tricks would be trips, and therefore fouls."

Hal thought intently over what he knew of jiu-jitsu as it had been taught by Sato to the club.

But he could think of nothing that applied to football and yet was not a foul within the rules.

"I shall have to wait," sighed Hal, smiling a little.



"You won't have to wait long," promised our hero, while Sato continued to smile in his inscrutable Japanese way.

The work had proceeded briskly for fifteen minutes when Manley's whistle blew.

"Five minutes' rest," announced the coach, and the hard-breathing youngsters sought benches at the side.

"Sato will conduct the next class," announced Frank when there was quiet.

"The jiu-jitsu tricks?" came the chorused inquiry.

"Yes."

There was great excitement in an instant, for the club had long waited to see the first of these promised tricks. But Frank, as he looked around, noted one fellow limping.

"What's the matter, Foster?" called the young coach.

"Oh, turned my ankle," answered Dick Foster. "Nothing serious."

But he limped so painfully on his way to the bench that Manley was after him at once.

"Lie down on the ground and let me see that ankle," directed Manley, taking hold of the young fellow in order to help him to the ground.

Then Manley took hold of the foot of the injured limb, turning it slowly in either direction.

Despite himself, Foster groaned a little.

"Nothing broken here, is there?" asked our hero, turning to the Jap, who had come close.

"Nothing broken," confirmed Sato, after a brief examination.

"A sprain, eh?"

"Yes—a painful one."

"Jackets," continued Manley, turning to young Winston, "please run in to the locker-room and get the bottle of liniment in my bag."

While Winston was gone, Manley carefully removed Foster's shoe and stocking.

The ankle, when bared, showed up rather badly, but Frank cheerfully promised:

"We'll fix that up with the best liniment going for such jobs, and you'll soon find it better, Foster."

Jackets soon returned with a large bottle of liniment, which Manley applied freely to the ankle.

Then, pouring some more on a handkerchief, our hero bound it around the ankle.

"We'll have to get you home with a team by and bye, Foster. You don't want to try to walk on that ankle before to-morrow. Keep this bottle by you and get someone to put on some of the liniment every two hours or so. And, by the bye, fellows, I want to tell you all to keep some of this liniment handy through the football season. It's the best stuff in the world for the sprains and bruises that you may get in a football game."

"What kind is it?" Joe Prescott wanted to know.

"It's one that you can have made up for you by the druggist. The way to make it is to mix an ounce of tincture of opium and an ounce of the liquor of subacetate of lead. Then add enough water to make a pint of liniment in all.

"Now, tincture of opium is just plain, ordinary lauda-

num, and the liquor of subacetate of lead is what druggists commonly call lead water. Every fellow among you should get a pint bottle of this mixture put up and use it on bruises and sprains through the football season. Be careful you don't swallow any of the stuff, for it's bad poison!"\*

Dick Foster was made as comfortable as possible for the time being, and the club was called out for instruction by Inow Sato.

"The trick that I am to show you," explained the little Jap as he faced the squad, "is for use when tackling opponent who is running with ball.

"Now, it is forbidden to trip the man you tackle. But if you can place your foot so that he falls over it, that is your opponent's fault, and no foul."

"In other words," put in Manley, "when you are running to tackle an adversary you have a right to place your feet where you please, provided you do not try to trip the other fellow."

"Now, we will show you," smiled the Jap.

Manley, picking up a football and holding it at the groin catch, withdrew for some distance, then came running down the field toward Sato, who started to meet him.

They met—collided, in fact—and Manley, stopping instantly, went headlong to the ground with Sato holding on to him.

It was done so quickly that the fellows were puzzled.

"You didn't see him trip me, did you?" asked Frank, springing to his feet.

"No," came the truthful answer from several.

"Of course you didn't, for Sato didn't trip me. But he stopped me all right."

"It is very simple," explained the Jap. "When Manley ran he struck one foot to the ground as he raised the other. Now, I ran at him from the side. I was approaching him on his left, so I ran so I could strike him just as his left foot touched the ground. My left foot I planted just in front of his left foot so that my shin was against his.

At the same moment I threw both arms around Manley's waist and bore him forward and down. As my left shin was pressing against his left shin, he could not raise that left foot to run, but fell over my leg. With my arms and the weight of my body I helped to make him fall over my leg."

"In other words," put in Frank, "my left leg was wedged for the instant, and I simply couldn't go forward, and in trying to do so I fell over Sato's leg and went flat."

"If I had moved my foot after touching it to the ground in front of Manley," went on the Jap, "that would have been a trip. But I didn't move my foot, and therefore I could not make a trip—a foul."

"But suppose you had tackled him by running at Manley on his right side?" queried Joe Prescott.

"Then," replied the little jiu-jitsu man, "I would have planted my right foot so that my right shin would block

\* The reader who wants some of this liniment for his own use should get a druggist to prepare it and to label the bottle "Poison." This liniment is considerably stronger and more effective than the ordinary lotion of lead and opium that is put up by all druggists.—"Physical Director."



his right shin. Thus, I would have to time the collision so that I caught him just as his right foot touched the ground. And my arms and the weight of my body help to force Manley over my leg and down. Is it clear?"

The fellows thought it was.

Sato showed his jiu-jitsu method of tackle once more, and now they were sure that they had it down fine.

Then Manley ordered them to practise this trick in pairs.

At first it was not as easy as it looked. The trouble was in so timing the collision that it would take place just at the instant that the man to be tackled had planted his nearer foot.

A few minutes of hard practice, however, sufficed to give most of the youngsters fair expertness at the trick.

"It's a peach!" cried Joe.

"I see now," admitted Hal, "how you make the other fellow trip himself."

"But care has to be used in one respect," cautioned Manley. "You must have this trick down so fine before you use it that you do not kick your shin hard against the other fellow's. If you did, you would be likely to break his shin. It will take a few days of practice to make any of you expert in this Japanese style of tackle. It is all in line with the general jiu-jitsu idea of making an opponent defeat himself."

"Jiu-jitsu tricks generally go in pairs," resumed Inow Sato. "So I shall show you the other trick that goes with this. Suppose you cannot reach man with ball in time to use the last trick. You are just a second late. Then you catch the runner just as his nearer foot is in the air behind him."

"The way to do it is this: Suppose you are tackling man with ball on his left side. Just as you reach him, his left foot is in air behind him. Plant your own left foot just so that, in touching, your shin touches his shin. Opponent cannot get his foot down, and in trying to do so he will stumble over your extended leg. This is not trip, either—at least he trips himself, for you do not move your foot after you have planted it. In this second case you do not throw your arms around opponent. Your leg will do the work, and he will fall. Now, I will show you."

Again Manley ran with the ball. Sato, with his expert eye, timed the collision so that it took place just as Manley's nearer foot was in the air behind him.

Sato planted one of his legs under Manley's rearmost leg, and our hero fell flat.

"Now, practise that one a while," ordered the young coach.

## CHAPTER II.

### MANLEY'S TOUGH DRILL FOR ENDURANCE.

The time allotted for jiu-jitsu drill was soon over.

But there remained yet half an hour of time of that allotted to these early morning drills.

"I notice that a good many of you fellows are still somewhat lacking in the endurance that a football player should show," called Manley.

"We can't get strong all at once," protested one of the new members.

"No," rejoined the young captain, "but there are forms of training that get you to the desired end more quickly than others."

"Now, this morning, I wish to introduce some new work that makes both for endurance and wind."

"I note that many of you in the heat of a scrimmage pant as if you were short-winded. Most of our older members, who have been thoroughly trained in distance running, have wind enough at all times, but it is necessary to build up the wind of the others. So we will go over to the bags."

"A new drill with them?" asked Winston.

"Yes; a new form of the work, and a capital one," replied Manley.\*

"In the other bag drills," went on our hero, "you used bags containing weights of sand from ten to one hundred pounds—all according to the strength of the individual athlete."

"Now, for this new form of work I have added several bags that contain only five pounds of sand each."

"The ten-pound bags are for use by the stronger members. For those who are not so strong the five-pound bags are provided."

"In this new drill you will form into squads of from six to eight fellows. The number of bags to a squad is just one less than the number of fellows in the squad. Thus, for a squad of eight there would be seven bags."

"Now, each squad forms in a circle, with the fellows about eight or ten feet from each other."

"Keep the bags passing around the circle to the right. Throw the bag that you hold to your right, then turn to the fellow at your left and receive the next bag from him. Keep the bags passing around a circle as fast as you can make them go. If a bag is dropped, stop until the bag has been picked up and put in motion again."

"Thus, you see, you are constantly in motion, first tossing a bag on to the fellow at your right and then turning to receive the one tossed to you by the fellow at your left."

"Begin just as soon as the squads can be formed. Keep up the work until the fellow who gets tired or winded first calls for a halt. Now, begin."

Frank and Hal stood apart from the squads to watch.

"It looks easy," commented Hal.

"Wait," advised Frank.

Just then a bag was dropped, the accident halting that squad for a moment.

"Faster!" called Manley. "You fellows are working too slowly."

"Why greater speed?" queried Hal.

"In order to make the strain on the wind more severe."

"And thus improve the wind by degrees?"

\* Bag drills are fully described in Nos. 3 and 4 of Frank Manley's Weekly.—Editor.



"It is a very rapid method of toning up a fellow's wind. But no fellow must be allowed to carry the drill too far. Watch out, Hal, and stop any squad in which you see that a fellow is being too badly winded."

Hal moved away to take two squads under his own charge, while Manley watched the other two.

Under the young captain's coaching the work became fast and furious.

Soon the young gymnasts began to drip with perspiration, for this work takes the strongest physical qualities.

"Halt!" ordered Hal to one of the squads.

"You fellows have been at it long enough," Manley informed another group.

Then the third squad was halted, and thirty seconds later the last and toughest squad.

"What do you think of this work?" Frank asked one of the new members.

"Tough!" was the laconic answer.

"Well, it will make you tough, too. A little of this once a day for the next month, and by that time you'll stop coming to me to ask what is good for the wind."

"Then I'll keep hard at it."

"No, not hard," corrected Manley. "Five minutes of this work, done briskly once a day, is enough. If you carry it too far, you will only succeed in damaging your wind. That is why we stopped you before any of you were willing to give in that you had had enough."

"Is this the best exercise there is for the wind?" asked another new member.

"Well, let us see," replied Frank. "What is it that we do for the wind in this club? First of all, we teach you the deep-breathing tricks. When you've got well started on those, we begin to break you in for running."

"The next thing that we put you to, in order to improve your wind, is the punching-bag. But after the punching-bag comes this bag-passing drill. So we may say that this last drill is really the best thing of all for the wind."

"Then why not start us with this instead of the others?"

"Because, first of all, the man who is training for wind simply must learn deep breathing. Besides, with a new gymnast, his muscles are not likely to be strong enough at first to endure this bag-passing. Before the morning is much older you will find your muscles aching from the work that you have just done."

"But this soreness will pass away by degrees. Before the end of the week you will find yourself good for five minutes of the game without any soreness afterward."

There had been work enough for the morning.

At the word there was a rush for the locker-room.

Then home for breakfast and the school-day!

### CHAPTER III.

#### A BOLT FROM THE CLEAR SKY.

Early in the forenoon a briskly moving man of forty or thereabout put in an appearance in the quiet little town of Woodstock.

Upon his arrival he was a stranger to everyone.

First of all, he sought the railway station agent as soon as he left the train.

Then this stranger went to see some of the business men of the town.

He was seen a good deal about Woodstock that morning, and by one o'clock in the afternoon an observant person would have surmised from his face that he considered his business, whatever it was, as being well under way.

Certain it was that this stranger sent a lengthy telegram away from Woodstock.

It was equally a fact that two hours later he received a long telegram, which he read with a good deal of attention.

At last it became apparent that this brisk stranger was in some way interested in the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club.

For soon after the closing of the afternoon school session this brisk stranger took a walk out to the club's famous grounds.

A scene of more than ordinary interest was taking place on the grounds.

When the members of the club showed up for afternoon practice, Manley called them to order.

"Before we go on with our work, fellows, I want to speak of a matter," announced Manley. "You all remember the rather exciting time we had last Saturday afternoon, when the tank car got afire opposite the depot and we felt called upon to push that and two other blazing cars down into the freight yard before the coal-oil in the tank and the dynamite in another car exploded."

"That act was one of vital importance to the town, for it saved the business part of the town from destruction. We all know, of course, that the ground and building of our old gymnasium have been purchased for us by the citizens as a reward for our conduct, and that now we own the dear old gym."

"There was, however, one blot on the affair. Four members of the club, when called upon to aid in pushing the blazing cars away, failed to show the required amount of grit. They funked—were too afraid to act. You all know, now, who those members are, so I do not feel called upon to name them."

Four of the new members of the club now showed blazing faces. They looked as if nothing would suit them better than to slink away from the observation of their pluckier fellow-members.

"Our board of control has been discussing the conduct of these four members," Manley went on, rather mercilessly. "We have come to a decision."

He paused.

It was a fearfully anxious moment for the four startled members in question.

They wondered if they were to be submitted to the ignominy of being dropped from the rolls of the club.

"Our first impulse," went on Manley, "was to drop the four offenders out of the club. Fortunately, better counsel



prevailed. We have no present criticism to make of these members.

"Perhaps they did not realize how wanting in bravery they were. Possibly on a future occasion they would show grit of the kind that we try to impart to our members."

"The board does not recommend that these four offenders be expelled. But the board of control does recommend that the four members in question be debarred from taking any part in the football work this season."

There was another hush.

At least two of the four who had shown the white feather had hoped, at least, to find positions on the club's second eleven.

The proposed punishment was almost worse than expulsion.

To belong to the Woodstock Juniors, and yet to be declared lacking in the grit needed in football players!

"Do you approve of the board's decision?" queried Manley, facing the club.

"Yes!" came the all but unanimous shout.

"Then that matter is disposed of," said Manley.

He turned as he saw a stranger enter the grounds and come toward the boys.

It was the same man who had been so busy through the day.

"Captain Manley, I take it," began the stranger, at once. "I will introduce myself. My card."

Frank took the proffered bit of pasteboard, reading the name:

"Stephen Bronson."

"That is my name."

"You are an attorney for the railroad," Frank went on, still reading the card.

"I have that honor, Captain Manley. And it is on the business of the road that I am here. It is in connection with the splendid conduct of members of this club in handling cars that got afire on our tracks last Saturday afternoon."

"I thought that affair was closed," suggested Frank.

"I trust not, Captain Manley."

"What does the railroad want?" called Joe Prescott. "Damages?"

There was a laugh, in which Mr. Bronson joined.

"Young gentlemen," he replied, "I am here to express the thanks of the railroad for your conduct, which saved the railroad from having to pay a rather tremendous bill for damages. Had the contents of those cars exploded where they first stood, the business part of this town might have been wiped out. The railroad had no right to have the cars standing where they were. Now, can you guess the object of my being here?"

"No," replied Frank.

"Naturally, Captain Manley, the railroad thinks itself bound to reward this club in some way. I was sent to Woodstock for the purpose of looking into the matter. I may add that I have made up my mind. I have notified the company's officers, and have received their assent to my plan, which now needs only the assent of this club."

A speaker never had a more interested audience.

"I have learned," went on Mr. Bronson, "that the business men of the town, in their natural gratitude, have bought the land on which the present gymnasium of the club stands.

"I have been down to inspect the old building in which you at present meet for your gymnasium work. It struck me that it is not suited to its purposes.

"Therefore I have suggested to the railroad authorities that they express their sense of indebtedness to this club by building a new gymnasium for you."

"A new gym?" gasped Frank.

"Yes. Would that please the club as much as any other form that the railroad's gratitude might take?"

"It's immense!" quivered Frank.

"Do your fellow-members agree with you?"

No need was there to put the question to a vote.

Every boy's face fairly glowed with assent.

A new gym!

That was exactly what they needed, for the old wooden building, originally a boat-builder's shop, was but sadly suited to their needs.

In the course of a little while this old building would be utterly unsuited to any kind of gymnasium work.

"I see that the idea is agreeable," went on Mr. Bronson, in his same hurried way. "I am glad that it is. I will state what kind of a gymnasium the railroad company would like to build for you.

"The new building should be of gray stone, one hundred and twenty feet long and seventy feet wide—inside measurement.

"The building should be high enough for a gallery, to be fitted as a running-track.

"The interior of the building can be arranged to suit the placing of your present apparatus.

"There should be an annex to the main building, in which are to be placed locker-rooms, baths, and a heating plant, which will also supply hot water for the baths.

"This, in brief, is the plan which I have thought best to submit to those whom I represent," wound up Mr. Bronson. "Is the idea wholly satisfactory to the club?"

Was it? The more the youngsters tried to speak the more they found something sticking in their throats.

It was Manley who found his voice first.

"Mr. Bronson," he cried earnestly, "the idea is a magnificent one!"

"Glad you like it," chirped the bustling lawyer. "Thought you would, though."

"We had expected nothing from the railroad, sir."

"It is nothing," declared the lawyer, "compared with the expensive scrape from which you youngsters saved the company. Railroads do not make presents out of pure philanthropy. The proposed present to your club is but a business-like recognition of the wonderful service that you young men did our company."

"I am afraid we don't know how to thank you or the company," went on Manley.

"Not necessary," was the prompt answer. "A mere



statement of the disposition to thank us will suffice. And now, I have done my part. I have nothing more to do with the affair except to report your pleasure to the company. Within a very short time one of the railroad's architects will be on the spot to see the ground, design a plan for the building, and submit it to you for your approval. That is all, young gentlemen. I thank you for your attention."

Stopping out of breath, Mr. Bronson extended his hand to our hero as the representative of the club.

Frank took that hand and pressed it warmly, adding, with a queer little choke in his voice:

"Mr. Bronson, you have tried hard to conceal your own busy and friendly part in this matter. But we realize how much we owe to you, and, as the club's captain, I wish to express to you this club's most heartfelt thanks for your own interest in making us happy—for happy you have made us!"

"Oh, you know, I am only a sort of business representative of my employers," retorted the lawyer, hastily. "Glad you like what I have been able to suggest. And now I must say good-bye and hurry away. Must! Train to catch!"

With a quick bow, the lawyer started for the gate.

"Fellows," shouted Manley, "three terrifying cheers for Mr. Bronson and for his railroad company."

Bronson stopped to bow as the cheers reached him.

But when the din had subsided he called out:

"Young gentlemen, no matter what you intended, those cheers were really for yourselves—for your splendid conduct!"

This time the busy man did not make any fluke in getting away. He was outside the walls like a flash.

He left an excited, happy throng behind him.

Their own new gym building!

"If somebody doesn't pinch me, I shall never wake up," complained Joe Prescott, dancing around like a crazy Indian.

"Say, what do you think of this?" quivered Hal.

"Think?" cried Frank. "I'm like Joe—almost afraid to wake up."

"It's a bolt from a clear sky," put in Jackets.

And indeed it was!

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE GENTLE ART OF KICKING.

"I don't see why we're pulled out behind the ball morning and afternoon too," grumbled Dick Foster.

"So we'll learn more about the game," replied Joe Prescott, good-humoredly.

It was just long enough after school closing-time for the Up and At 'Em Boys—most of them—to be in their togs and out on the field.

Others—the slower dressers or the tardy ones—were coming out of the locker house from time to time.

"Is there nothing in athletics but football?" queried Dick, still disgruntled.

"Not much, just at present, I guess," smiled Joe.

"Well, it's too much of one good thing," persisted Foster.

"Oh, stop your kicking, Dick!" retorted Joe, losing some of his by no means large stock of patience.

"Kicking?" interrupted Frank Manley, whom they were passing at this moment. "Oh, no, Joe; don't give him that advice."

"Why not?" asked Prescott, curiously.

"Because that's going to be our game this afternoon."

"Kicking?"

"Surely."

"But not for all hands?"

"And why not?" smiled Frank, as others gathered around them.

"Why waste everyone's time on learning to kick?" asked Joe. "The four men in back field are the only ones who have to kick."

"Not always," rejoined Manley.

"Why, the fellows on the line don't have much to do with kicking."

"Nevertheless, you can never tell when a fellow on the line may find it handy to know something about kicking."

"Well, you're the coach," agreed Joe. "It's against the etiquette of the game to talk back to the coach."

"Besides," went on Frank, "the elevens are not made up yet. We don't know just where any given man is going to be."

"Then," laughed Joe, "if a fellow has a distaste for back field, and wants to stay right on line, all he has to do is to show up badly at kicking."

"And he might thereby shut himself altogether out of the game by doing that," retorted Frank.

There was a queer, sudden little flash in our hero's eyes that warned Joe.

Manley was noted in his own club for picking out the best all-around material for a team.

Friendship never influenced him in the least in making up the roll.

All-aroundness counted with Manley. He had a due amount of respect for a brilliant individual player, but, both in football and baseball, as later on in basket-ball, he picked out men who were capable of strong and self-sacrificing team work rather than men who were brilliant in some one specialty and yet who could not bring this brilliancy into team work.

So, in the most good-natured manner possible, Joe was warned that he could not hope for a place on the eleven unless he qualified well in all the requisites.

The others, too, took warning, which all went to spur the club to strict attention during the afternoon drill.

"There is just one way to learn how to kick," announced Coach Manley as, ball over his right arm, he stepped briskly out before the club. "You can learn only by keeping eternally at it. You've got to kick and kick—and keep on practising, even when you think you know all about kicking. There is no royal road to learning the art of kicking."



There is no theory that will take the place of patient, brainy practice. You've got to work and think, and do as much of one as the other.

"While I have said that there is no theory in kicking that will take the place of practice, yet, of course, there is a theory that has to go before the practice. When you've got the theory down reasonably fine, then go ahead and practise. A half an hour kicking a ball will teach you more than I could impart to you in a week.

"First of all, you want good, straight kicking—no fancy kicking, but the kind that counts for sending the ball a good distance. So now, first of all, let me see what each one of you can learn to do in the way of kicking for a good distance, and doing it accurately. Never mind handling the ball at first. Just put it on the ground and try a kick. Then, from what you learn, keep on kicking. Here goes one for a sample."

Whump! Manley's active foot struck the ball a resounding blow that sent it arching and speeding across the field in a good, straight line.

"Now, let some fellow who thinks he can equal that kick try it," urged Frank, nodding to Jackets, who produced a second ball.

There was a laugh, and everyone hung back.

"Got you all scared?" smiled Frank. "Then it was easily done. That wasn't a record kick, by any means. Almost all of you can equal that kick after a little practice. Come forward, Joe, and try it."

Prescott's self-confidence never deserted him. He essayed a kick and beat Frank's performance by a trifle.

"Good!" cheered the coach. "I knew you could do it. And there are others!"

After that, the kicking went forward briskly in many parts of the field.

"Hold up!" called Manley, at last. "Now, we'll go in for punt kicking."

As soon as the young athletes had trooped in to him, our hero went on:

"There are two ways of doing the punt—the straight and the side kick. Both are good methods, so I want you to learn both.

"For the straight kick, the player faces the spot where the ball is to go and kicks with a straight, upward kick. Now, just as you go to kick, stand with the body a little forward, the right leg back and the knees bent somewhat. Look out that, while standing so, you have good balance.

"As to the ball, that is held in both hands, with one end pointing at your body, the other end away from you, and the lacing on top.

"Just as you are ready to kick, take a short step forward with the left foot, drop the ball, and bring your right foot straight and sharply forward so that it will strike just as the ball is at knee-level.

"Hit the ball good and fair with the instep, and swing the whole leg on the hip. You must keep the muscles *tautened*, and the toe should point downward. In this style of a kick you use even the muscles of the abdomen.

Now, at first remember not to kick too heavily, but gradually increase the force of the kick as you gain in skill. Here's a sample kick for you."

He gave them, in fact, three samples, after which the fellows scattered for practice. Later on, Manley called them back for the idea of the side punt.

"This side punt," he explained, "is made by throwing in the weight of the body. So, along with the forward and upward motion there is an outward one, too. Now, when you go to make this kick, take about three quick steps obliquely forward to the right, drop the ball, and swing the whole body around from the right. Thus you can hit the ball with the instep when it is just a shade higher from the ground than in the straight punt. Here goes for one!"

The "sample" was just as our hero described it. Once more the club members scattered for practice.

Then came instruction in another kind of work.

"Drop kicking," announced Manley, "is done by dropping the ball on its point. The point of the ball on which you are to land your kick depends upon the elevation you wish to give the ball. Now, begin by dropping the ball and kicking it squarely on the seam as soon as it touches the ground. But be careful to notice the elevation that you get."

Frank gave several sample kicks, illustrative of the different elevations to which the ball can be sent by this style of kick.

After more practice Manley called the club back for its final instruction that day.

"The kick from placement is a difficult thing," he began. "Success in this depends upon the skill of two men instead of one man. In this kick the holder is just as important as the kicker.

"In the first place, when a kick is to be made from placement, the kicker digs a slight depression in the ground by using his heel. In this hole in the ground the kicker places the ball and aims it for the place he means to make.

"But the fellow who is to hold the ball lies on the ground, 'belly-bumper' fashion and resting his upper body on his elbows. Now, the holder uses the index finger of his right hand in taking hold under the lower end of the ball. Only the first two fingers of the left hand are over the upper end of the ball. When he has taken the ball so, the holder aims just as the kicker orders.

"The lower end of the ball must not be allowed to touch the ground until the kicker calls for it. As soon as the ball touches the ground, the opponents will charge, and the ball will often be lost by a careless holder.

"Just at the instant of placing the ball on the ground the lower finger must be removed, and the holder must take the greatest care not to change the direction of the aim. If he does, he will spoil the kicker's chance of succeeding.

"Under the rules, the kicker has a right to take any reasonable amount of time before kicking. It is his fault if he does not get the ball well aimed. And of course the kicker must have force enough in the ball. Before taking the kick he may make several steps forward, if he wishes, though some good players are able to make a strong kick



from placement by taking only two or three quick steps forward."

Hal threw himself down as holder, while Manley ordered the aiming of the ball carefully. Then, with two swift steps forward, Manley caught the ball with his foot just as Hal let it touch the ground.

Away sailed the ball, straight and true, and would have made a goal had it been aimed over the cross-bar.

"Get after that, now, those of you who like fine work," laughed Frank. "You'll find that a kick from placement will be all the better, the more brains you put into it."

It turned out to be the hardest nut he had given them to crack that afternoon.

## CHAPTER V.

### CAUGHT ON THE JUMP.

"Well, Wallie, how are you coming on?"

Frank Manley put the question to the youngest member of the club as the latter came out of the locker house after a rubdown and dressing.

"Wouldn't want to come on faster," replied young Egbert, whose cheeks were glowing with the good color of health.

Wallie was a sort of honorary member of the club.

At the beginning of the summer season Wallie had been such a weakling that there didn't appear to be much chance of his living long.

But his father, a wealthy man, had heard of the training work of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club.

More than that, Mr. Egbert had seen the Up and At 'Em Boys themselves.

They were such a fine lot of sturdy, active, healthy boys that he had longed to see his own son in their class.

So he had induced Manley to take Wallie into the club during the summer encampment.

In return for this the club had received a fine, large fee that had materially aided the club's treasury.

So much stronger and happier had Wallie grown during that summer's training under Frank Manley that Mr. Egbert had eagerly offered another large fee to have his boy keep on with the club through the fall and winter seasons.

Now Wallie was busy and enthusiastic over the football practice, though he did not hope to secure a place even on the second eleven.

There were too many stronger boys ahead of him.

"You're going to be a young Samson one of these days, Wallie," smiled Frank.

"I'm sure of it. Look at the weight I've put on in the last few months. And see the muscle I've got. And the wind!"

"You're on the straight and right path," replied Frank, earnestly, and laying a friendly hand on the youngster's shoulder. "It's worth taking the trouble to be healthy and strong, isn't it?"

"It isn't trouble," retorted young Egbert. "I'm having the best sport I ever had. I wish every thirteen-year-old youngster in the country could have the chance that I'm having. Frank, I shall never be willing to leave Woodstock and its great club."

Just here Jack Winston happened along and linked his arm through Wallie's.

Jackets was another weakling whom Manley had made strong.

But Jackets had now reached the grade of first-class athlete for his age of fourteen.

He was one of the fastest sprinters in the club, and excelled in many other sports, notably swimming.

As a distance runner young Winston was tireless. It was a general belief that he could keep going as long over cross-country as Manley himself could do.

Being a sympathetic little chap, Winston always took an eager interest in the later weakling.

"How are you now, Wallie?" queried Jackets.

"All right, except a little stiff in some of my muscles after the practice," replied Egbert.

"Know what's good for that?"

"What?"

"A long walk," said Jackets, decisively.

"How long?"

"Oh, five miles before supper."

"Are you game to go with me?"

"Sure!" retorted Winston, cheerfully.

Wallie looked at Manley. The little fellow seldom made a move before consulting his trainer.

"Shall I go?"

"It will be all right," nodded Manley. "You can cut the walk down a bit if you find it tiring you. Jackets is a merciful boy."

"Come on, then!" cried Jackets, and the pair went briskly away together.

"Wallie is going to be the real thing in a boy in time, isn't he?" queried Hal, who had been standing close by.

"He certainly is," affirmed Manley. "He's pretty near that now. Already he's tougher, a good deal tougher, than the average boy of his age. Think of a youngster at that age starting off on a five-miler after hard work at football."

"His nerves are a good deal steadier," commented Spoford.

"They ought to be. Wallie assures me that he has parted altogether with cigarettes, and I believe him."

"What is he shy on especially?" asked Hal.

"Not really shy on anything physically just now, although, of course, his condition will be vastly improved by spring. But I don't know yet how he is on grit."

"Why should he be shy on grit?" queried Hal.

"Cigarettes!" answered Frank, drily. "Those infernal things always seem to take a growing boy's grit from him. That's one reason why athletics and cigarettes are so opposed to each other. The natural tendency of athletics is to put one's grit up a few notches."

"I don't believe Wallie is exactly a coward," said Hal, thoughtfully.



"I don't say that he is," replied Frank. "But I'd really like to see him put to the test."

"How?"

"Oh, I haven't any especial plan. But something may turn up one of these days that will give me an idea as to Wallie's bravery."

In the meantime Jackets and his young protégé were hurrying out over one of the back country roads beyond the town.

"While the word 'hurrying' has been used, this is not intended to imply that they moved along at the quick, jerky, nervous pace that so many untaught boys assume when on a long walk.

Instead, they went at a long, swinging stride, and, by not loitering on the way, they got over the ground with a good deal of speed.

"It struck me funny at first," said Wallie, "to think that I had never really learned to walk until Frank Manley taught me."

"I had never learned to do much of anything—except mope—until Frank began to teach me," replied Jackets.

Two almost trampish-looking men were coming up behind them on bicycles.

This pair looked at the boys closely for a while, but as they rode past the young pedestrians they appeared not to be taking notice of them.

By and bye a solitary wheelman also overtook them.

He also looked them over curiously, until they turned their heads to regard him.

Then this stranger, like his predecessors, pretended to have no interest in them.

Further and further from the town the boys got, when a fourth wheelman overtook them.

He was a man of about thirty, smoothly shaven, better dressed than those who had gone before him, and he had a manner that seemed pleasant to one who did not study him closely.

"Aren't you a good way from home, boys?" he called, in a friendly way, as he reached them and slowed down to ride beside them.

"Not so far but what we'll get home for supper," smiled Jackets.

"Live beyond here?" asked this stranger, though he knew better.

"No; we belong in Woodstock," answered Winston.

"Oh! Perhaps you belong to that boys' club in town?"

"We do," Jackets assured him.

"Out for a stroll, eh?"

"That's the idea."

"Going much further?"

"Up to that grove yonder. That marks the half-distance of our walk," Jackets explained, politely.

"Keep up the good work," cheered the stranger, as he put more speed into his wheeling. "You both look as if it agreed with you."

Neither boy thought any more of the stranger after he had disappeared from their view.

They would have been vastly more interested could they have seen what was taking place further on up the road.

For the pleasant stranger, having gone something like a quarter of a mile further, encountered the three wheelmen who had gone before them.

"Is it all right, Cap?" asked one of the trio of the newcomer.

"Yes. The boys will go by this way. Get your wheels out of sight and be ready for them. We can't get a better chance."

"Unless somebody happens to drive by," growled one of the men.

"That wouldn't interfere," laughed the latest arrival. "It would only be necessary, then, to get the boys somewhere else. But hurry up and get your wheels out of sight."

Then, as the other three began to obey his orders by dragging off their wheels to a hiding place behind some thick bushes, this pleasant stranger did a somewhat unusual thing.

There was a slight report, and then a hissing of escaping air. The punctured tire collapsed.

"Now, you fellows lie low in this clump of bushes right here," commanded their leader.

He placed them so they were out of sight from the road—hidden by a thick screen of shrubbery—and yet they were almost within arm's reach of his disabled wheel.

"I want to caution you fellows to be quick and decisive," went on their leader. "Don't lose a second when you get your orders, and be sure that you do the job well."

"'Fraid the kids'll get away from us?" jeered one of the men in hiding.

"They might, at that!"

"Pooh!"

"Well, remember that both boys are in constant training. They're light and quick as cats, and strong, too, for their ages."

"But they can't give men any trouble."

"Now, I'm not so sure of that. That larger boy, I hear, is full of all those infernal new-fangled Japanese tricks of fighting. If he lands a blow all right, so I'm told, he can kill the chap who goes against him."

"He won't get no chance," declared one of the wretches in hiding.

"Oh, well, I'm cautioning you—that's all. We can't afford to have any slip in this game. And that same little fellow is clever in all sorts of wriggling games. And run? He's said to be like a streak of greased lightning when he gets started."

"We'll take care of him all right," came the confident boast.

"Be sure that you do!"

"How's the other little chap?" sneered a voice behind the bushes. "Is he a terror, too?"

"Don't know," replied the leader, patiently. "But he's been training in that same club, and I suppose he must know a few games of fighting."



"I should think you'd be almost afraid to stand out where them two babies can see you," jeered one of the men hidden in the bushes.

"None of your freshness, now!" exclaimed the leader, sharply. "But see to it that you don't fumble the job. It may be tougher than you think."

"But——"

"Don't talk any more," came the low, sharp order. "Those youngsters must be pretty close by this time."

It was fully sixty seconds more before Jackets and Wallie came in sight down the road.

"Hullo, boys!" called the affable stranger, pleasantly. "Now, this is where I wish I had your training in walking. I've got seven miles to go, and it's a cinch that I've got to hoof it. Tough luck, isn't it?"

"Don't you carry a repair kit?" asked Jackets, as he drew near.

"Always have, but on this run I forgot it."

"Tire punctured?" asked Jackets, as he bent over to inspect the wheel. "Why, it seems to me that we could mend this with a little ingenuity."

Wallie, too, bent over to examine the tire.

"But it wouldn't do any good, anyway," sighed Jackets. "Of course, you've nothing like a pump with you?"

"Of course not," sighed the stranger.

Just then something happened.

A long arm shot out from the bushes, and Jackets, taken unaware from behind, went down to the ground, dazed and all but stunned.

In the same twinkling a pair of hands gripped at Wallie's ankles, drawing them swiftly and forcibly in toward the bushes, so that young Egbert landed on his face.

Like a flash two rough men were kneeling on Jackets' back.

The affable stranger and another ruffian were holding Wallie roughly where he had fallen.

Be sure that Jackets tried to fight back.

So, too, did Wallie.

But, taken at a disadvantage as they were, neither could offer any real resistance.

Instead, they had to submit to having their arms twisted back of them.

Snap! click! Handcuffs were securely in place on the wrists of each.

"Look out for their feet," advised the leader of the gang, in a business-like way. "They can do wonders with their feet, if they get a chance."

"What on earth are you up to?" demanded Winston, angrily.

"Never mind, now," came the ugly answer.

"But don't you suppose I want to know?" insisted Jackets, coolly.

"You'll find out soon enough!"

One of the rascals was roping Winston's feet at the moment. Another was doing the same for Wallie.

"Shall we yell?" asked young Egbert.

"No," said Jackets, promptly. "It wouldn't do any good. Nobody to hear us."

"Sensible youth," observed the leader of the gang, with mock pleasantry.

At the same instant, however, he forced a wad of cloth into Jackets' mouth, after a fight, in which the little fellow suffered excruciating pressure on his jaw-hinges before he submitted.

The wad of cloth was made fast with strips tied around his head.

Jackets was "out of the running," so far as any ability to make trouble went.

"Don't stick that stuff in my mouth," urged Wallie

"Shut up!"

"But don't."

"Why not?"

"I don't want you to," explained Wallie, as if he were giving the best reason in the world.

"Lots of good your likes will do you," grumbled the fellow. "Open your jaws, now!"

But Wallie closed them instead, and with a tight snap.

He resisted as firmly as he could. But the same tactics that had been employed to make Jackets open his mouth were now put in use against the smaller boy.

Wallie held out to the limit of human endurance of pain.

Then, when he felt as if his jaw-hinges must be wrenched off, he surrendered with a groan and opened his mouth.

In another moment he was as far removed from the power of speech as his comrade in misfortune had been.

"Now, then," observed the leader, "the quicker you get the kids out of sight of the road the better."

Each boy lifted to the shoulder of a captor, they were started for the deep woods beyond.

## CHAPTER VI.

JACKETS IS "LONG ON COOLNESS."

"Now, their gags can come out!"

Jackets and Wallie had been seated on tumble-down chairs in a very bare and dirty-looking room in an old house some four miles from where they had been used so treacherously.

It was now long past dark.

The men had carried them through woods, along unfrequented paths, and into a section of the country seldom visited by people who lived thereabouts.

But Jackets, who knew every inch of the country within twenty miles of Woodstock, knew just where he was.

As the gag was taken from his mouth he drew in a deep breath.

"Not a very swell place, is it?" grinned the leader of the scoundrels.

"Oh, it isn't so bad," rejoined Winston, with mock politeness. "I suppose it's the best home you can afford. But one of these days you may be able to have a nicer place."

"Yes," grinned the stranger. "I think we shall. And not very many days from now, either."



The gag had just been taken from young Egbert's mouth.

"Won't you go a little further, please," begged Wallie, "and take those things off my hands and feet?"

"Oh, no," laughed the leader, while the other three men displayed grins that were little short of scowls.

"I wish you would," persisted Wallie. "I'm all stiff and cramped."

"It's something that isn't going to happen just yet," jibed their tormentor. "We brought you here for a purpose."

"Yes?" asked Willie, coolly. "Do you know, I didn't imagine that you brought us here just for the fun of the thing."

"Oh, you didn't? Well, what object do you think we had?"

"I'm going to suggest to you a way to save a good deal of time," hinted Winston, his eyes fixed on those of the chief captor.

"Save time?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"By not keeping us guessing. We can't help you any in that way. If you want us to know why we are here, tell us. You've got nothing to do that I can see."

"You're trying to show up for a cool one," jeered the leader.

"Oh, I'm always cool enough," asserted Jackets, indifferently.

"Until you get scared, eh?"

"And after it, too."

"That's all right, youngster. But I guess this is one of the times when you'll forget to be as cool as usual."

"Got a real scare for us?" jeered the little fellow.

"Yes; that is, unless we can scare some other folks to some purpose."

"You're doing a good deal of hinting," suggested Winston, without nervousness. "Why don't you tell us what you want?"

"Well, we want money!"

"And we look as if we had it?" taunted Jackets.

"I reckon you've got some folks belonging to you who have."

"You ought to have made sure before going to all the trouble of bringing us here," tormented the little athlete.

"Oh, I guess we did," came the grinning answer. "You're the poorer proposition of the two. Now, this other kid has a pap who can pay a good many thousands of dollars sooner than lose his little chap."

"Ho, ho!" chuckled Wallie. "So that's the game, is it?"

The leader whirled around upon him.

"Yes, that's the game. How do you like it?"

"It's bully," declared Wallie, with enthusiasm.

"Oh, it is, eh? Do you think your pap will put up the money?"

"I know he won't," asserted Wallie, with conviction.

"Oh, you do?"

"Sure!"

"How do you happen to know so much?"

"Because I've heard dad talk about just such a case."

"You have, eh?"

"Sure! And I know just what dad'll do when he gets the word."

"What'll he do?"

"He won't pay a blessed cent. But he'll get an army of police officers out. He'll put up a big reward to have all you fellows taken, dead or alive. And he'll give the officers a quiet hint that you're worth five times as much dead as you are alive. He'll have dogs put on the trail, too. Oh, I know what dad'll do—and say! He's a corker when he gets his fight up!"

"I don't believe he'll do it this time," insinuated their chief captor.

"You don't know dad, then!"

"And he doesn't know what we're like, either," retorted the fellow, meaningly. "Now, kids, I'll tell you just what the programme is. If your folks don't pay up quickly, and without fuss, then we just kill you and leave what's left of you to be found on the highway."

"That's the way all kidnappers talk," retorted Jackets, without losing his nerve.

"And we happen to mean it," came the quick, ugly retort. "I know something about these cases. Kidnappers often lose their nerve when they find the police coming after them. Now, if we have any hitch in your case, we are going to kill you, just as I've told you. And then we'll take our chances of getting away. But if we don't get a cent out of this, and have to use our knives on you, it will have at least one effect."

"What's that?" demanded Jackets, as if he were discussing something in which he took but little interest.

"If we have to kill you, it'll make people a little less confident after this. Putting you two youngsters out of the world would at least make the game an easier one all around for folks who go into this line of business."

"Go ahead and try," said Jackets, coolly. "Before midnight you're likely to have all this part of the country buzzing around your ears."

"They won't find you in this out-of-the-way place."

"Don't bank on that," warned Winston. "All of the fellows in our club will turn out. They know every old shanty within miles of here. Two to one the crowd will be here an hour after the hunt starts."

"You seem pretty sure of yourself," grinned their tormentor.

"Sure?" echoed Jackets. "Of course I'm sure."

"We have a place fixed where no one can find you."

"Don't you believe it!"

"I hope something'll happen," exclaimed Wallie, with some eagerness, "that I shall be alive long enough to see how you rascals act when the men get after you that dad'll send."

The leader of the gang was scowling now. He wanted to frighten the two youngsters so badly that they would help him in his scheme.

"You don't want to treat this as any joke," he remarked, warningly.



"It won't be any joke, either—for you!" retorted Winston. "It's gone too far already to turn out any joke."

"Now, you two youngsters hold your tongues for an instant," went on the leader. "I'll explain what's wanted of you. As for you," looking at Jackets, "your aunts will have to put up five thousand dollars for your safety."

"Wow!" exploded Jackets, throwing back his head.

"Well, what makes you laugh?" came the growling query.

"I'm thinking how my aunts will look raising the money. They, poor old souls, when all they have in the world is the sixty dollars a month they get from a life insurance company."

This was a falsehood, but, under the circumstances, Jackets felt justified in lying.

"Do you mean to tell me that they haven't got any money?" demanded the leader.

"That's what! Just their sixty dollars a month."

"Oh, maybe they'll be able to find some other money when they know it's the price of your life."

Though Jackets retained a sneer on his face, he felt very serious inside.

He believed that his aunts would be able to raise the amount demanded.

And he was filled with secret anguish over the thought of their distress when they received the news.

"How much am I worth?" demanded Wallie, sarcastically.

"Oh, you're a good deal more valuable sort of a kid," came the half-jaunty answer. "It'll take forty thousand dollars to set you free."

"I'm a slave for life, then!" sighed Wallie, in pretended despair.

"Oh, no; your father will raise the money. You see, we took the trouble to make sure before we went into this thing."

"It's too bad you didn't take the trouble to find out dad's views," mocked young Egbert. "He'll spend his last dollar hiring armed men to hunt you down."

"Then he'll never see his son again."

"Dad won't believe that," retorted Wallie. "I've heard him say that kidnappers are cowards, who always weaken when they see they can't scare parents."

"It'll be different this time."

"But dad doesn't know it, and won't believe it. And so you're up against the stone wall of failure!" finished Wallie, triumphantly.

At a sign from the leader one of the men dragged forward a table, on which were writing materials.

"Now," went on their chief tormentor, "I'm going to free the hands of one youngster at a time. I'm going to make each of you write a letter to your folks asking them to put up the money as quickly as possible."

"I'll tell my aunts to pay no attention to the demand," retorted Winston.

"Oh, that'll do as well," came the cheerful answer. "It'll show your folks that we've got you all right."

"Oh, if that's what you want us to write for," promised Jackets, thoughtfully, "I won't write a blessed line!"

"I'll make you."

"You can't!"

"Brag is a good dog, youngster."

"Well," defied Jackets, coolly, "you just go ahead and make me write all you can."

"Free his right hand," ordered the leader. "Handcuff the other to the rungs in the back of the chair."

The three understrappers obeyed.

Jackets, after sizing up the odds, calmly decided that it would be of no avail, hampered as he was, to try to use his free hand in attack.

So he submitted, without a murmur, while the men moved his chair to the table.

Then the leader nodded toward a pen, and ordered:

"Write something."

"Not a word," defied Jackets, firmly.

"Change his mind for him," commanded the leader.

While one of the men held him, another pulled his hair viciously.

Poor Jackets was obliged to wince and grimace with the pain, but not a sound escaped his lips.

"Will you write now?" came the query.

"No; and not after a year of torment, either!"

"Give him some more," came the order.

This time Winston's free arm was seized and cruelly twisted. It was more than human nerves could endure, and he was forced to cry out in remonstrance.

"Good!" chuckled the leader, as he signed to the men to stop. "Now, I guess you'll write something."

"I am extremely sorry," replied Winston, with mock politeness, "but I can't. You gentlemen have injured my arm so that I shall not be able to use it in writing."

"That arm will hurt worse if you don't obey!"

"Oh, well," sighed Jackets. "Go ahead and make it hard. Put in force enough to wind me up. It'll be kinder to kill me all at once."

"Will you write, then?"

"No more than I would before."

At the signal the arm-twisting was begun again.

This time the twisting was so mercilessly done that the little hero was forced to scream out in his agony.

"Now, will you write as I want you to?"

"Neither now nor at any other time," snapped young Winston, between his clenched teeth.

Again the arm-twisting was repeated.

Suddenly the little athlete's face went deathly white. His head swam and he swayed as if about to faint.

"Let him go for a while," came the order. "See what you can do with the other cub."

But Jackets had not fainted, for from between his bloodless lips came the urgent appeal:

"Don't let 'em make you, Wallie!"

Wallie Egbert's face was almost as white as if he had been "seeing ghosts," but he retorted:

"Don't you be afraid of me, Jackets!"

"Good old Egbert!" cheered the other little hero, in the same unsteady voice.



"Now, then," snapped the leader, angrily, "you saw what we did to your friend."

"About as cowardly a thing as grown men could do to small boys," retorted Wallie, icily.

"We don't want impudence, but obedience. Are you going to mind me?"

"Not in a thousand years!" vaunted the little fellow, hotly.

"You think your grit will hold out?" was the sneering question.

"I know it will!" came the unafraid retort.

"Oh!"

"The kind of grit we soak in in the Woodstocks," proclaimed Wallie, proudly, "doesn't fade or come out in the wash!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### TROUBLE BREWS.

"HAVE you seen our little Jack this evening?"

That was the agitated message that came over the telephone to our hero.

The time was nine p. m., and the sender of the message was one of Winston's aunts.

"Why, no, Miss Winston—not since he and Egbert left the club grounds this afternoon."

"Where did they go?"

"Off somewhere for a walk. Do you mean to tell me, Miss Winston, that Jackets hasn't got home yet?"

"No, he hasn't—and we're nearly distracted!"

Then followed so many questions and statements—some of them almost incoherent—that Frank broke in:

"Let me ring off, Miss Winston, and I'll be at your house in a jiffy."

Frank rang off. He dallied only long enough to call up the Spoffords, for, of course, in this, as in nearly all other matters, he preferred to have his chum right at hand.

Then Manley sped to the Winston cottage. Hal was there immediately after him.

The Misses Winston had already 'phoned over to the house where Wallie Egbert boarded. Egbert, too, was reported missing.

"What can have happened to Jack—to both boys?" sobbed Jackets' aunts in unison.

Frank was "stumped." Truth to tell, the thing looked queer enough to him, for young Winston was not one of a kind to be long absent from home without sending word.

"He must be ill," sobbed one of the aunts.

"Not a bit," declared Frank. "Jackets is in the most perfect health."

"Then he's been hurt."

"Wallie would notify us."

"Or killed!"

"Again Wallie would notify us," smiled Frank. His smile was intended to assure the aunts that they were over-

excited.

Inside, Frank felt really too troubled for a smile to express the true state of his feelings.

"They were going only for a five-mile walk," suggested Hal.

"And should have been home two hours ago," nodded Frank. "Oh, well, ladies, you'll find, when the youngsters turn up, that there was some very natural explanation, and one not in any way connected with calamity."

"But if you could only do something," suggested one of the aunts, imploringly.

"I'm wondering," replied Frank, "if there's something that I can do. There's no use 'phoning the police or the doctors, for they would have 'phoned you if they had any news. Hal, ring up the gym and see if, by any chance, the youngsters are there."

Hal obeyed, but there was no answer from the gym, which must be closed for the night.

"Call up some more of the fellows, then," directed Manley—"those who have 'phones, and ask them to get some of the fellows of the club who live in their neighborhood. Tell them to report at the gym at once."

"Oh, what do you think has happened?" demanded one of the aunts, while the other good woman threw herself on a sofa in a fit of weeping.

"Nothing very terrible," smiled Frank. "But I'm going to send the fellows out in various directions. If we hear anything, we'll let you know instanter. If you hear anything, kindly let us know at the gym without delay. I'll leave some one there to answer calls over the 'phone."

Hal sped off in advance.

Frank remained a few moments to try to laugh the aunts into taking a more cheerful view of the situation.

Then, as he, too, sped down the street to the gym, his face took a decidedly thoughtful look.

In a very few minutes some twenty of the fellows had reported.

Frank told them quickly the little that he knew.

Then he sent them off in pairs, with instructions to telephone or run back the instant any news was gained.

"And two lanterns hung at the top of the gym flagpole will call every one in," was Manley's parting word.

Then he and Hal hurried off over the road that they believed the little fellows had taken.

With them they carried a small electric storage-battery searchlight for possible inspection of trails.

"The thing has a tough look," commented Hal, as they struck out beyond the town.

"Worse than I would admit to the aunts."

"What can it be? Auto accident?"

"Hardly likely. They would be found in that case, and some one would report."

"They can't have suffered from violence," went on Hal, thoughtfully.

"I hope not," said Manley, briefly.

"Why, who would harm two such little fellows?" cried Hal.

"No one, I hope."



"But you seem to dread the possibility of foul play, Frank?"

"Well, why not?" cross-questioned Manley.

"What could be the motive for any foul play? Those little chaps haven't any enemies."

"But Egbert has a rich father."

"Well?"

"And Winston's aunts, while not rich, are not poor, either."

"What on earth are you hinting at, Frank?"

"There's a possibility of a kidnapping."

"Great Dewey!" ejaculated Hal.

"Well, why not?"

"Why, Jackets is jiu-jitsu man enough to kill a grown man."

"But how about several men?"

Hal quivered.

"And a foul advantage over the little fellows?" went on Manley, half-despondently.

As they came to the first house Frank sent Hal in on the run to ask questions. He took the next house they came to, and so, by running, they got over the ground with considerable speed.

People in two of the houses at which they stopped remembered having seen the little fellows walking away from Woodstock.

No one had seen them coming back.

Curiously enough, no one remembered, or spoke of, the men who had gone along the road on bicycles.

Frank halted at last, mopping the perspiration from his face.

"We know that they've come this far," he said, quickly. "This is two miles out. Jackets wouldn't have gone much farther. Hal, from here on we'll throw the light on the road."

This they did, proceeding, nevertheless, with some speed.

"Hullo!" ejaculated Frank, suddenly.

He had halted, and was throwing the light about excitedly on the ground.

"A struggle, as sure as you live!" ejaculated Hal, bending over close to the ground to study the marks he saw there.

"Not much of a struggle, either, commented Manley, huskily. "Hal, the depression in the ground looks as if some one had been hit and straightened out at once. There doesn't seem to have been much scuffling."

"Who could have attacked them?" gasped Hal.

"I don't know, but I'll find out if it takes me a year to do it!" vibrated Frank Manley.

Then, suddenly, his wits came to him.

"Hal, run back to Jones'. They've got a 'phone, and they must still be up. Send word to the gym to hang out the two lanterns. As fast as the fellows return they're to be sent out here."

Hal wasn't one of the kind to linger and ask foolish questions. He went off down the road like a flash.

Manley remained, scrutinizing the ground.

Marks that he saw led him into the woods.

In a dense clump of bushes he came across three bicycles,

so well hidden that they would have been found by no one who did not have sharp eyes for trailing.

One of these wheels had the front tire flat.

The other two wheels were in good condition.

"There were at least three men, then," muttered Frank. He judged that the late riders of the wheels had been men on account of the distance in each case between saddle and pedals.

"They left here on foot," was Manley's next conclusion. "If they had had any kind of vehicle, they wouldn't have used bicycles at all."

In a few minutes more Manley had found enough footprints to satisfy him as to the direction first taken by the marauders in leaving.

And now Hal came back, whistling low from the road.

"In here," spoke Manley.

"I 'phoned," reported Hal. "Now, I'll climb a tree and see if the lanterns are up."

"Who was at the gym?"

"Bob Everett."

"Then you don't need to waste any time 'phoning. He isn't called Old Reliable Everett for nothing. The lanterns are up by this time. See here!"

Manley pointed out what he had discovered, and stated his conclusions.

"We can follow this trail, I think," declared Hal, keeping as cool as he could.

"I don't want to until we have more of the fellows. We want a party big enough to split wherever the trail seems to divide. And see here, Hal, I don't want the fellows all entering the woods at this point and tramping down the ground."

"Why not?"

"Some of that gang may come back for the bicycles. If they do, we want to nab 'em before they get suspicious."

"I see," nodded Hal.

"So, go down the road and head off the fellows as they come. Send them around into the woods in little groups, and tell them to be careful to step lightly. Above all, there must be no talking. Signal me when you have some of the fellows rounded up."

Again Hal vanished down the road, while Manley disappeared into the woods.

The trail was not a thoroughly easy one to follow.

The ground was hard, and it looked as if the rascals had had more than an ordinarily good idea of how to avoid leaving a trail.

"We've got to watch closely for a fake trail," mused Frank. "Every branching will have to be followed. It won't pay to start until I have fellows enough."

Prescott and Sato were the first to show up. They had run fast, and were much out of breath.

"Get to work on the trail while we're waiting for more of the fellows," requested Manley.

Sato's sharp Japanese eyes saw much in the ground—much more than would have been visible to the average American.

But Joe Prescott, too, had paid much attention to trail-



ing. He had always been fond of it as a sport. Now he went at it in earnest.

Between the three they had located the trail with certainty for another two hundred yards by the time four more of the fellow showed up.

"Let's get on now," urged Joe, impatiently.

But Frank negatived the idea.

"The more we have, the faster we can trail when we do start," he declared.

And so, from the first time of hanging out the signal lanterns, it was a full half hour ere sixteen of the Up and At 'Em Boys were on hand and ready for work.

In the meantime the trail had been established for a full quarter of a mile through the woods.

"Plainly enough," said Frank, "there were four men in all. That gives plenty of chance for a divided trail later on."

"We can tell which are the prints of the men carrying the boys, for the weight of the boys will make their bearers step more deeply into the soil," declared Joe.

"Good enough," nodded Frank. "Then watch the prints, and see if you can tell where the bearers shift their burdens."

Everett, Lucas and Prentiss were left behind in hiding near the spot where the abandoned bicycles had been found.

"If any fellows show up for the bicycles, nab 'em," directed Frank. "Don't let them get away, even if you have to use jiu-jitsu."

Then the little searching party set forward with all haste.

There were three more pocket searchlights in the crowd.

Before long the trailing led them into a regular wood-path.

"Here we save time," announced Manley. "Some of you can hurry ahead, keeping outside of the path, and every three hundred feet or so you can stop to look for the trail. Move swiftly and silently."

More than one squad was sent ahead. The miscreants and their captives had kept to the path, and it was possible to move rapidly.

So they plodded on through the night. In spots the ground was hard, and here the trail had to be looked for with care.

But their way led them over three highways, and still along under forest trees.

It was evident that the kidnappers had kept to the forests in order to avoid scrutiny.

Sato and Joe were in advance with squads. Frank and Hal followed at the rear, scanning the trail, as proclaimed by the leaders, from time to time.

"Hal," breathed Frank, at last, "I begin to have a suspicion where we are going. Have you?"

"The place in the woods where the two French Canadian lived until last spring?" suggested Spofford.

"That's it," nodded Frank. "We're within a quarter of a mile of the place now. At the rate we're going we'd better move up front."

They hastened to the first squad, led by Joe. As they

hastened they passed the word to the others to use extreme caution as to noise by voice or foot.

And so, finally, they came to the edge of the clearing, of about three acres, in which the abandoned house stood.

"Get around the house," whispered Manley to Joe and Sato, who, taking each his own little squad with him, vanished into the woods, to reappear cautiously on the other side.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WALLIE ON THE RACK.

"OH, you youngsters will come to your senses bye and bye," ventured the leader of the kidnapping gang.

"So will you," retorted Wallie. "That will be when you find yourselves looking into the muzzles of guns that my father hires men to carry while looking for you."

"Your pap will surrender the minute he gets the news," scowled the scoundrel.

"Will he, though?" piped Wallie, exultantly. "I've tried to tell you that you've got to get acquainted with my dad's way of doing business."

So far the boys had baffled their captors. For the last two hours there had been no further move to torment them.

Both youngsters had refused flatly to write letters as ordered. From this determination no amount of torture had been able to shake them.

They had had their hair pulled. A few wisps had been bodily lifted from the scalps of each of the obstinate young heroes.

Their arms had been twisted until they ached and throbbed with the pain left behind after such work.

Then the youngsters had been tied up and switched on their bare backs.

But they had remained undaunted.

Had Manley been present to witness, all his doubts as to Wallie's possession of courage would have been set at rest.

As a last resort, the boys had been threatened with keen-bladed knives.

Their tormentors had even gone so far as to prod the flesh of their victims with the points of the blades.

Yet it was all to no purpose.

Jackets was calmly obdurate.

Wallie, though he winced more, was no nearer to giving in to the demands of his tormentors.

The grit that real athletics puts into a boy had taken deep root in these two youngest representatives of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club.

So the youngsters had been allowed to rest, while their captors, after a rest, took to trying to scare them into submission.



But now the leader felt that the time had come to try the last resort short of actual maiming.

"Ever hear of the Philippines?" he asked.

"Of course," nodded Jackets.

"Did you ever hear what our soldiers sometimes found it necessary to do to treacherous Filipinos?"

"I guess they've done a good many things at need," returned Winston, coolly.

"Ever hear of the water cure our soldiers worked?"

"Yes," admitted Jackets.

"I wonder how that'd work with you?"

"About as well as the other things you've tried," rejoined Jackets.

Yet, truth to tell, the little fellow shrunk inwardly, no matter how brave an exterior he showed.

For the "water cure" is the acme of horrible torture.

The victim is thrown flat on his back and held there. Then a long rubber tube, at the upper end of which is a funnel, is thrust as far as possible down the throat of the one to be tortured.

The torment is effected by pouring water slowly but steadily down through the tube.

It is not long before the stomach and the bowels become frightfully distended by the constantly increasing amount of water there.

If the punishment is carried too far the agony of it drives the victim out of his head.

The "water cure" can be carried to the point where it causes a horrible death.

"Bring out the funnel and the tube, boys," directed the leader.

One of them produced from a cupboard about four feet of narrow tubing, surmounted by a pint funnel.

Two buckets of water were moved forward into the center of the room.

"I wonder which one of you we ought to try this thing on first," pondered the chief inquisitor.

"Me," said Jackets, bravely, though he said it with a gulp.

"And why you, instead of the other fellow?" came the curious question.

"I want to see what it feels like," lied Jackets, with superb bravery.

His true reason was that he knew he was much more enduring than Wallie Egbert. He wanted to spare his weaker comrade all he could.

"I guess the other chap might weaken first," propounded the tormentor.

"Try me and see," dared Wallie, who, truth to tell, had never heard of the "water cure."

"Think I will," laughed the scoundrel. "Put him on the floor, boys."

One of Wallie's hands, like one of Jackets,' was handcuffed to a rear rung of the chair on which he sat.

But now this hand was freed from its shackle.

Wallie did not struggle, for he knew the folly of so doing.

Bump! He was pitched unceremoniously to the floor.

Two of the men held him there, while a third applied a pressure to Wallie's jaw-hinges that made young Egbert willing at last to open his mouth.

Two corks were forced in between his teeth, on either side of the mouth. It was now impossible for Wallie to close his jaws.

Now the leader of the gang bent over, forcing Wallie's mouth wider open and inserting the tube.

Though the little fellow tried manfully to bite into the rubber tubing, he could not.

Inch by inch the tube was forced down his gullet until it had gone the limit.

"Now," directed the leader, holding up the funnel, "begin to pour. Youngster, if you find that you want to give in, just kick on the floor and we'll stop. Now, go ahead and pour very slowly but steadily."

The man who stood over the funnel began to pour the water from a crack-nosed pitcher.

At the first touch of the water in his stomach Wallie began to squirm.

For the first minute his sensations were increasingly uncomfortable.

But it was at the end of the first sixty seconds that he began to realize genuinely all the agony there is in this form of torture.

First, his stomach began to distend noticeably.

But the man who was pouring never stopped, save to replenish his supply of water.

Wallie's eyes began to bulge. Then the cold sweat stood out on his skin.

He struggled convulsively, and could not keep back the muffled groans.

"Kick on the floor if you want to give in," advised the leader.

Instead, Wallie managed to free one foot sufficiently to give his enemy a light kick in the back.

"Was that the signal?" asked the inquisitor.

But Wallie, though he was suffering a degree of torment of which he had never thought the human body susceptible, made a face at his enemy.

"Keep on pouring," ordered the inquisitor. "If necessary, we'll keep this up until we plumb finish the kid."

There came a most unlooked-for diversion.

Every one had forgotten Jackets.

That youngster had been busy from the first instant that he had found all eyes turned from him.

Slowly, and with infinite caution, he had tugged at the manacle on his left hand until, by degrees, he had pulled out the rung to which the handcuff was fastened.

Now, like a flash, yet with the noiselessness of the panther, Winston leaped to his feet.

He gripped the chair in which he had been sitting, swung it over his head, and—

Chug! The scoundrel with the pitcher went down to the floor as if sudden death had overtaken him, dragging the tube out of Wallie's mouth.



But Jackets was like a human cyclone.

He darted through and, with one protruding knuckle, struck just over the heart of the leader of the gang.

He just missed the vital spot, but he floored his man.

But now Jackets had to draw back, for the other two startled scoundrels had sprung to their feet, and were coiling for attack.

"Come on!" called Jackets, nothing daunted. "I'm good for you both! Look out for yourselves!"

A young athlete who has daringly and flashingly sent two men to the ground may be reasonably suspected of ability to send two more there.

The two men hesitated for an instant, and made the mistake of forgetting Wallie.

That little fellow, though in torment, and weakened by his sufferings, had still a fictitious strength left that was given to him by his angry resentment.

Now Wallie whirled round on his back. In a twinkling he had caught his left foot back of the left ankle of the rascal nearest him. With his right foot planted suddenly against the fellow's left knee, Wallie pressed against that knee for all he was worth.

Flop! The fellow, unable to keep his footing, crashed backward, landing on the back of his head.

Wallie was on his feet like a flash, dancing away to a safe distance from his comrade.

"Hurrah!" cheered Winston. "All down but one. We can get him between us!"

The fourth man, growling like a scared dog, slunk back as if he feared these pugnacious and amazing little fellows would make their brag good.

But now the leader, not seriously injured on account of the glancing of Winston's blow, rolled over twice and leaped to his feet.

"No time for nonsense!" he gritted. "Shoot the cubs, if you have to!"

He drew his own pistol as he spoke, but darted back to be out of the immediate reach of either pair of young fists.

The slinking brute had quickly followed suit.

Jackets stood still, not disconcerted, but watchful.

This gave the other pair of their oppressors time to roll out of the way and get up with weapons in their hands.

"Come, you kids, stop your circus antics and get your hands up as high as you can!" came the sharp command.

"Not a hand!" retorted Jackets, with emphasis.

"Then we'll fill you full of lead!"

"Nice crowd you are," taunted Jackets. "So afraid of two boys in knickerbockers that you have to use firearms."

"Get into the corner and put your hands up, or we will use them!" came the threat, and the speaker seemed to mean it.

"Don't you do it, Wallie," cried Winston.

"Not a do!" flared young Egbert.

"Men who are cowards enough to threaten us with shooting aren't brave enough to go out alone after dark," Jackets went on, roastingly.

"Are you going to do as you're told?" demanded the leader, menacingly.

"Not for worlds!" mocked Jackets, promptly.

"Obey mighty quickly, or we'll shoot you, for you're not worth so much to us. Then we can handle the other boy."

"Oh!" jeered Jackets. "Do you think that if I am out of the way you can handle my friend?"

"None of your nonsense!" came the sharp command. "If you don't instantly put your hands up I'm going to shoot you full of holes!"

Jackets, looking steadily into the threatening eyes, realized that the fellow meant it.

"Well," admitted Jackets, and, though he quaked inwardly, his voice was without a tremor, "I guess you do mean to shoot me."

"Good! Then you're coming to your senses. Get your hands up."

"That's just what I'm not going to do," retorted young Winston, dauntlessly. "I'm prepared to let you shoot me first."

"Bully old Jackets!" shrilled Wallie, though his voice shook a little with the tragedy of it all. "They'll have to plug me, too, before they can quiet me."

"I fire at 'three,' if you haven't got your hands up!" warned the leader of the gang.

"One!"

"Two," counted Jackets, promptly and undauntedly.

"Two!" went on the tormentor, his index finger curling closer around the trigger of the weapon.

"Shoot!" dared Winston.

"Not on your life, in there!" came the thrilling yell from outside. "Now, then—altogether, fellows—and the door goes in!"

The man behind the aimed pistol started in dismay at the sound of that voice.

Crash! The door was down. Another surge against the timbers, and the Up and At 'Em Boys poured pell-mell into the room.

At their head were Frank Manley and Hal Spofford.

"Just in time!" clicked Frank, making a spring for the fellow who had aimed at Jackets.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A HOT SIXTY SECONDS.

As if moving on a pivot, the leader turned.

He fired, just as Frank saw the danger and dodged.

Past our hero's cheek went the bullet. There was a cry from behind, showing that some one had been hit.

Hal, too, had bounded at the fellow. But the shot made him draw back.

Then the room was full of noise.



The four startled men were firing now as they retreated—and they were firing in earnest.

Then they dodged into the next room.

"Don't follow them," ordered Frank, sharply. "They mean business!"

"Will you surrender—the whole infernal pack?" came the leader's voice.

"Not a surrender!" rang Manley's voice. "We're unarmed, and we'll have to let you get away. But that's all we'll do."

"They'll run into Sato and Joe and some of the others outside," chuckled Spofford, in an undertone.

But Frank heard, and he bolted into the next room just as the scoundrels dashed through the rear door of the house.

"Don't stop them!" roared Frank. "Don't try to! They're shooting for keeps!"

But Joe, Sato and some of the other boys had started toward the escaping fugitives.

More shots rang out.

"Fall back, Up and At 'Em Boys!" roared Manley. "It's all right. We've got what we came after. Don't get in their way!"

Yet, mindful of Joe's reckless propensities, Manley ran out into the open back of the house.

He must save that foolhardy youngster if the thing were possible.

"Don't monkey with 'em, Joe!" shouted our hero.

But in the group of boys who had obeyed orders by stopping pursuit Manley's quick eye did not see Joe Prescott.

"He went after 'em," said Sato.

"Stay where you are, the rest of you!" Frank shouted back, as he sped for the woods.

Flashes and reports ahead showed that the fugitives did not yet consider themselves clear of pursuit.

A little way in the woods Frank came upon a figure dodging swiftly from tree to tree.

Ahead was a flash. Chug! zipped a bullet into a tree at our hero's side.

"Joe!" called Frank, sternly, after the dodging figure.

Frank, too, found himself obliged to run from tree to tree, for the bullets were coming with dismaying accuracy.

"Joe!" quivered Manley, at last, and pounced upon Prescott's back, dragging that husky youth to the ground.

"Lie where you are, or I'll knock you out!" grated Manley.

Joe knew his captain well as one who would not waste threats, so he lay still, face down.

Half a dozen bullets came their way, but passed harmlessly above them.

Then the spiteful fusillade ceased.

"What did you want to do—get shot?" demanded Manley.

"Wanted to bag one of the bunch, and I'd have done it, too," grunted Joe. "Why did you want to spoil it?"

"Simply because I didn't want to see you killed. Some of our fellows are hit already. Do you want to commit suicide, you impetuous chump?"

Joe allowed himself to be headed back toward the house, but he could not refrain from grumbling.

"It seems to me you took as big chances as I did."

"That's one of the things that reckless people drive other folks to," retorted Frank. "But, as it is, you're alive. You wouldn't be if I hadn't gone after you."

"If we ever go on a chase like this again," growled Prescott, "we want to bring firearms, too."

"No, we don't," negatived Frank, sharply. "Boys have no business shooting at people. If I ever catch you with a revolver, Joe, I pledge you my word to do all I can to get the other fellows to vote you out of the club. Don't forget that, old fellow!"

Back in the house Frank paused only long enough to ask if the two little fellows were all right.

Then our hero began to take account of the harm that had been done.

Jim Larabee had been struck in the left leg by the bullet that Manley had escaped in the first attack.

It looked as if Jim would be out of the football running for the season.

Hal had bound a handkerchief around the leg, and, by twisting a stick in the handkerchief, had stopped the gushing of blood for the time being.

Hal himself had had his neck grazed by a bullet that had scraped the flesh and narrowly escaped the jugular vein.

Humphrey, who was well nigh as reckless as Joe, gloried in a wound where a bullet had nipped a good bit of flesh out of the side of his left hand.

Frank gave a sigh of relief at finding that it was no worse.

And now Sato, with the skill that is acquired by the Japanese jiu-jitsu men, acted the part of emergency surgeon.

He found that the ball had gone clean through Larabee's leg, without touching the bone.

Inow put a new ligature on Jim's leg, and then pronounced him as being all right until he could be gotten home.

"Whew!" muttered Frank, mopping the streaming perspiration from his forehead. "I'm beginning to pine for the quiet life. That's the hottest sixty seconds we ever had, fellows."

Then he sprang over to shake hands with Jackets and Wallie, and congratulated them.

"How did Wallie act?" Frank found chance to whisper in his little protégé's ear.

"Like a brick!" answered Winston.

"Didn't show the white feather?"

"Not a little bit!"

"Woodstock grit!" muttered Frank, smiling grimly.

Now the little youngsters had to tell, hurriedly, what had befallen them.

In the midst of the recital Inow Sato stole out quietly. He wanted to make sure that the late fugitives did not return and attempt to make things warm for the Up and At 'Em Boys.

"Now, we've got to get back to the world," announced



Manley, crisply. "We want to hit the first house that has a team and a telephone. That's Dawson's."

Dawson's was the better part of a mile from where they were.

But it was found that Larabee could be carried "Queen's chair" fashion by two of the boys, so they set out.

Every few hundred yards it was necessary to halt and to change the wounded boy's bearers.

But in time they reached Dawson's, there to rout the surprised occupants of the house from their beds.

Word was quickly sent by 'phone to the Misses Winston, one of whom screamed with joy over the 'phone when she heard the brief message that Jackets was alive and all right.

Then Wallie's landlady was informed of his safety.

After that Frank telephoned to Police Chief Griscomb, who promised to see to it that the police for twenty miles around were put on the trail of the fugitives.

Mr. Dawson cheerfully harnessed up to take Larabee home. Frank, Hal and the two little fellows also climbed into the farm wagon.

Nor did Frank fail to send word to Bob Everett and his fellows, calling them in from the watch over the abandoned bicycles.

Our hero could not think of sending any of the fellows to reinforce Everett for a late watch in the woods.

The fugitives, if they were attacked, would again shoot, beyond a doubt.

"We've succeeded in our mission, and we don't want any more of our fellows shot on what is police business," Frank declared to Hal, as they rode toward Woodstock.

Fearful that the desperate quartette might even try to break into Wallie's boarding place in the night and renew their attempt to extort ransom, Manley took the little fellow to his own home for the night.

"My dog Towser will wake us up quickly enough if any one prowls around our place to-night," Frank explained, with a smile.

"But I want to go to the telegraph office first," proposed Wallie.

"Why?"

"Dad'll want to know all about this business."

"Oh, well, you can send him the news by letter to-morrow."

"No, I can't. Dad'll want to know about this and get busy."

"Busy? How?"

"He'll have those scoundrels run down."

"Oh, I guess your father will be thankful enough to know that you're safe. He'll let it go at that."

"If dad does," flashed Wallie, "I'll disown him."

"I'm not going to take any chances on such a fearful thing as that," laughed Frank. "We'll go to the telegraph office, then."

So they went, Hal accompanying them.

Wallie wrote such a long message that he was obliged to hand over nearly all of his pocket money to the operator.

Woodstock did not hear, in any manner, from the kidnapers that night.

Nor by the next forenoon, though the police of many towns were on the alert, had any news been gained of the fugitives.

But as Frank was on his way to school that afternoon he heard his name called in a shout.

Wheeling about, he saw Wallie and that youngster's excited-looking father in a carriage.

"What did I tell you?" called out Wallie, as the carriage rolled up to the curb.

"Manley," exclaimed Mr. Egbert, leaning out of the carriage and grasping our hero's hand, "I want to thank you and every one of your fellows for your splendid work last night. I've just announced a reward of a thousand dollars each for the capture of the kidnapers."

"Dead or alive!" finished Wallie, vindictively.

"Dead or alive," confirmed his father.

"With the accent on the 'dead'," Wallie added.

"Young man," broke in his father, "you've said enough! Don't wish anybody dead. Think how near to that fate some of the fellows who rescued you last night came."

"That would have been mighty different," said Wallie, soberly.

"Manley," went on Mr. Egbert, "I shall do something to show my gratitude to the club."

"If you mean anything that costs money," broke in our hero, quickly, "don't think any more about it."

"Why not?"

"I promise you, Mr. Egbert, that the club would feel insulted if you did. We don't want to be paid in any way for taking care of our own crowd."

"Why, there's Miss Dunstan," broke in Wallie, glancing down the street.

Frank turned to lift his hat to Kittie.

Then, with a smile, he turned to Mr. Egbert:

"School opens in ten minutes or so. I hope you won't think me rude in leaving you."

"By no means," replied Mr. Egbert, and he smiled as our hero hastened forward to greet his sweetheart.

"More excitement, I hear," was Kitty's greeting.

"Oh, last night, you mean?" rejoined our hero.

"It must be a great thing to be a boy," sighed Kitty, enviously. "He can find plenty of excitement."

"If you think I like it," returned Manley, soberly, "then you're in error. Honestly, I begin to long for the quiet life, with nothing more exciting than school and athletics."

"I wish I were a boy," mused Kitty.

"And that you're not is one of the things I'm most thankful for," uttered Frank, so promptly that she turned her head, though she smiled with pleasure.

"One doesn't see you often these days," remarked the girl, presently.

"Which leads up to the fact that I was about to ask if I might call to-night?"

"Papa will be delighted to see you."

"And yourself?"

"Oh, as pleased as usual," replied Kitty, non-committally.



"Does that mean that I'd better call or not?" insisted Manley, with a serious look in his eyes.

"Why?" demanded Kitty, quickly. They glanced into each other's eyes and laughed.

"When my call doesn't give you pleasure," went on Frank, in a low tone, "I'm afraid I couldn't bear to live in Woodstock."

"Gallantly said," she approved, railingly.

"Better still, it was honestly said," he replied, bringing another wave of color to her face and parting her lips in a delicious smile.

They halted at the street corner, for Frank was much too careful of her good name to let her walk to school with him.

So they stood chatting, the minutes slipping by unheeded.

Then, in the distance, the academy bell began to ring.

"Oh!" cried Kitty, in sudden self-reproach. "You're late—and it's my fault!"

"Not late," Frank corrected her, raising his hat with a smile. "I don't lay any mishap at your door. Besides, you know, I'm a very fair sprinter."

He was off like a streak.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE LINE-UP.

"Just see them go!"

"Bully boys!"

"Wow! wow! whoop!"

"Give 'em time, and they'll beat the earth!"

This from the male rooters on the grand stand.

At the same time there was a fluttering of parasols, handkerchiefs and ribbons from the bright galaxy of girlhood there.

A few of the girls, even, had already provided themselves with tiny bannerets, on which appeared the mystic "W."

Manley, leaping up from the ball when the whistle blew, brushed back the stray hair from his eyes and laughed.

"You don't want to pay too much attention to that yelling, Joe," he cautioned.

"And why not?" demanded Joe, innocently.

"If you do, you'll begin to think we're the greatest ever."

"Well, we're among the 'also greats,' anyway," contended Joe, with enthusiasm.

"Huh! Yes, we seem so, now, against a scrub nine from our own club," retorted Frank.

"We've certainly wiped the poor scrubs," remarked Joe, with relish.

"Yes; we need the Bradfords to take the conceit out of us."

"If Bradford can do it," amended Joe.

"And very likely Bradford will."

It was gala day again in Woodstock.

Every one in town, it seemed, who was young enough, who could get out of doors that golden October afternoon, and who, further, had a drop of sportive blood in his veins, had turned out.

Never on famous baseball day had a greater number of visitors thronged the grounds.

Even Bradford was vastly better represented than was usual.

As for the girls' club, every young lady member had made it a point to be present at this first real game of the season between these old, old rivals.

Now, as the youngsters rested, cheer on cheer went up.

There was sound good feeling between the two towns.

In the absence of their own junior champions the Bradford spectators did some jolly, round good cheering for Manley's crew.

Frank nodded slightly, but smiled meaningly, as he caught Kitty Dunstan's eye.

Hal, too, was intent on the grand stand in this lull of play, for Grace Scott was again visiting the Dunstons, and was present on this rousing occasion.

Woodstock had been practicing against its own scrub eleven merely to keep up the spectators' interest while waiting for Bradford.

But those in the crowd who knew football had had their enthusiasm aroused to the highest pitch, for the eleven that Manley marched out on the gridiron promised big things for home.

His line-up had been made at last. There would undoubtedly be a few changes as the season progressed.

Yet Manley had already been able to pick out an eleven which he believed could stand rough usage and play winning football against exceptionally good teams.

It is requisite to have more than good players. They must be men who can drop all differences and play unselfishly together, for the fact must never be lost sight of in football that good team work counts for almost everything.

Manley had an eleven that he was proud of.

Except in the matter of ample practice, he was satisfied that it was as fine a team as could be found anywhere among youngsters of the same ages.

Here was the line-up for the first game of the season:

Spofford, center.

Prentiss, right guard.

Hollister, right tackle.

Humphrey, right end.

Prescott, left guard.

Sato, left tackle.

Winston, left end.

Manley, quarter back.

Gaylord, right half back.

McGuire, left half back.

Everett, full back.



"Every man in perfect, A1 condition," Frank declared to Hal. "No team in the world can show men who have trained more faithfully for all-around condition, and no team of our age can show stronger, more agile and supple young fellows. Bradford men are in training, too, but, unless they have had much better coaching and more practice, they can't put up any game that can beat us."

"I'm almost trembling. I'm so eager to see what Bradford can do," Hal confessed.

"Nerves on edge?" reproved Frank, smilingly. "Nonsense, Hal! That's no condition for an old veteran like you!"

"Well, not quite as bad as that," laughed Hal. "But I do wish I knew, now, what the next hour or so will show."

"You'll soon be at ease, then," predicted our hero, "for there is the old yell."

Outside the gates was the noise of many horns, the rumble of much cheering, and Tod's old familiar battle cry:

"Row, row, row! Bradford!"

Woodstock's players clustered around Manley. The big gates opened, and the first barge-load of eager Bradford boyhood was hauled inside.

"There's old Hek—good old Hek!" cried Frank, in low tones, to those around him. "See that Hek gets a rousing welcome. He deserves it for what he has done to keep up good feeling between the clubs."

"Good old Hek Owen!" roared Hal, throwing his hands up. "Three cheers and a tiger for the grandfather and the whole ancestral tree of the Bradford club!"

Cheers ascended with the spontaneity of fireworks as Tod Owen's father sprang down from the first Bradford 'bus.

Sport lover that he was, Hek was almost carried off his feet by the rousingness of the reception.

For grand stand and bleachers caught it up with gusto.

But he managed to pull himself together and to make his best bow in Manley's direction.

Two more elaborate bows he made in the direction of the spectators, and the din redoubled.

It became so intense, in fact, that the old man, grinning broadly in his delight, made a quick retreat toward the locker house with Bradford's players.

It didn't take Tod and his men long to get into their togs.

They came out singly and in pairs, Tod being among the first to appear.

"Better get out and get a little practice to warm you up," Frank advised, as he shook hands with young Owen. "You can have our scrubs for dummies, if you want."

"Scheming to get on to our style of play?" grinned Tod.

"We'll do that soon enough, I guess," admitted Manley, significantly.

"It's almost a shame, our coming over to-day," protested Tod. "We're in tough shape—a whole lot of cubs who all want to make the star plays."

"I'll believe what the score tells us," smiled Manley, non-committally.

But Tod gladly availed himself of the chance to practice a little against Woodstock's scrubs.

As for Manley, he was glad of the experience it would give his second crew against a real enemy.

Tod's men went at it, "hammer and tongs."

They swept Woodstock's second eleven before them like chaff.

The interference of the scrubs seemed like erecting a paper wall before Bradford's rush.

It was almost a mighty poor quality of tissue paper, at that.

Still, the scrubs managed to hold on to Bradford's legs sturdily enough to give the spectators a great deal of amusement.

Frank, in the meantime, was closely watching, with equally observant Hal by his side.

"That's a great team from Bradford," declared Frank. "They show what we can expect when we get in the ring. Look at that interference!"

"It's great," admitted Hal, quivering.

Several of Bradford's baseball heroes bobbed up again in the football line-up.

This was Bradford's gridiron list:

Hepnak, center.

Cross, right guard.

Krish, right tackle.

Dill, right end.

Shirley, left guard.

Bascomb, left tackle.

Craig, left end.

Owen, quarter back.

Distleigh, right half back.

Lawson, left half back.

Leeson, full back.

In pounds of flesh Bradford had quite a bit the advantage. Her players, too, seemed in good, hard trim.

Young Mr. Comstock was out in the field as referee. A Mr. Vaden assisted him as umpire. Terry was linesman for Bradford, Wallie for Woodstock.

Glancing at his watch, Comstock decided to call off the practice play.

There was a scurrying for sweaters and blankets, while the officials conferred.

Manley found chance for a last word that he tried to impress earnestly on his men.

"It isn't good policy to be too aggressive at the start. Of course, if we get the ball it's our business to get it towards Bradford's goal line. But we want to go on the defensive a little at the outset if we find the enemy powerful. Don't try to show Bradford all you know about the game, at first. Instead, try to learn what Bradford knows."

Then Mr. Comstock stepped forward, faced the grand stand, sounded his whistle, and held up one hand for silence.

"To our friends of both towns," he shouted, "the captains of the contending elevens desire me to express their deep gratitude for this great outpouring to-day and the exuberant enthusiasm with which you have greeted them. It augurs well for the season. It proves, for one thing, that



Woodstock stands solidly back of its splendid club. It shows that it will not be the fault of the town if this season is not made a memorable one. It proves that you are behind your zealous boys."

"That we are!" came the roar, and there was prolonged cheering.

"This being the beginning of the season," continued Mr. Comstock, "it has been considered better to have a short game. The halves will be of twenty minutes each, with a ten-minute interval. And now we'll—play football!"

The din and the racket began all over again.

It was Tod's toss, and naturally he chose for the kick-off.

Then there was tense, breathless silence as Hepnak swung for the kick-off.

## CHAPTER XI.

### WOODSTOCK CHEERS.

"GREAT!"

The applause was spontaneous and genuine.

There was strength in Hepnak's leg and skill in his kick.

Caught just right, and arching up and over, the pigskin came down within eight yards of Woodstock's goal line.

Like a human cyclone sturdy Bradford went after the ball.

It was Manley who got the ball.

With the pigskin securely tucked, our hero started forward, center and the rushers obliquing back compactly for a pounding interference.

Off they started to Manley's right, and Bradford massed to stand the shot.

There was fierce impact, but so well was the interference managed that Bradford, though it fought tigerishly, did not at once get through.

All the while Manley kept his face to the right.

Distleigh, Bascomb and Craig were in the lead of the mad scramble for the greatest football man of Woodstock.

And big Distleigh got him.

He tackled, fairly lifted Frank, and hurled him.

Yet Manley, by wriggling, managed to go down over the ball.

It was just beyond the forty-five yard line.

Bradford had profited little by the kick-off, and the rooters cheered themselves well-nigh into asthmatic fits.

Now Wetherell, paid professional coach for Bradford, nodded understandingly beyond the side lines.

And Bradford woke up promptly to one thing that was to be a feature of Manley's playing throughout the season—that heavy massed work was to be avoided wherever a feint could be made operative.

Moreover, in the selection of that fleet pair of sprinters, Winston and Humphrey, it could be understood that Wood-

stock, would always look for the least chance of a fleet dash around one end or the other.

So well did Bradford take the lesson to heart on the spot, and so handily did Tod manage his men, that grueling was now the order of the day.

Fierce, heavy, close scrimmaging followed, and in the next three downs Woodstock advanced only six yards.

Yet this was enough to hold the ball.

Then in the next scrimmage something happened that made Manley bite his lips.

For Hollister got the ball, and Bradford, breaking through the determined interference, dragged him down.

It was not a time for rolling, but Jack displayed the bad judgment of attempting it.

Nor did he have the ball tucked as he should have had it, for Tod struck the ball as Hollister turned uppermost.

Fully two yards the pigskin bounded.

There was just time for a dive, but Tod made it, fell over the ball and gathered it in.

"Think over that, Hollister," was Manley's quick comment as he passed the discomfited man.

"Confounded luck!" growled Jack.

"Luck nothing!" retorted Frank, sententiously. "When you've got the ball, hold it in a combination lock that can't be picked."

Now that Bradford had the ball, Frank went in for more massed work, yet with an alert eye for end feints.

So stubborn was the scrimmaging that after three downs Bradford lost the pigskin by advancing a trifle less than five yards.

Then Woodstock, by another end feint, got Humphrey ten yards to the good ere he was pulled heavily down by Leeson.

But now the whistle sounded the end of the first half.

Which team had made the better showing?

Who could say?

Bradford cheered lustily for its own heroes, but Woodstock drowned out this approbation by sheer strength of numbers.

"We've got a worthy foeman," was Manley's comment, as Hal turned around for a brief, reassuring nod in Grace Scott's direction.

"About as evenly balanced as could be," replied Hal. "They've got rather more weight and mass, and we've got a trifle the better of it in strategy."

The fellows gathered near for further playing orders, but Manley said, quietly:

"Watch the signals and the ball—that's all. Nothing but the finest head-work will beat Bradford."

Then our hero strolled over to the side line.

Here stood Hek Owen in all the glory of abounding confidence.

"Pretty tough lads, ours, Manley," smiled the old man.

"Yes, sir; they give us all we can attend to."

"Bradford doesn't ever need to be better than Woodstock's victors."



"Then you believe your boys have us nailed on the grid-iron?" queried Frank.

"As much so as they'll ever have you in anything. You can see that our lads haven't been off on a vacation the last few weeks."

"If they had," laughed Frank, "I should favor a vacation as our own training scheme."

"Then you're satisfied, Manley?"

"More!"

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Manley."

"I mean it. It's wonderful the improvement that Bradford is showing in everything."

"And why shouldn't they?" ejaculated delighted old Hek. "Why shouldn't they? Manley, you're rather noted for keeping your fellows' noses at the training grindstone all the time. But I'm doing the same thing myself. And I'm not trusting the job to any one else, either. I'm on hand at every bit of training. If I see a lad shirking at all, I advise the club's officers to set that chap back on a bench, where he'll have time to think."

After this, for him, remarkably long speech, Hek paused to take a deep breath before he went on:

"Bradford can't—won't be allowed—to stop short of being the greatest junior club in the United States!"

"We shall try to have a little to say about that over here in Woodstock, Mr. Owen," Joe put in, drily.

"That's right! That's right!" approved Hek. "Glad to hear you say it, Prescott. That's what makes for sport. You'll give us a mighty close rub, too, you lads, all the time. But you'll soon find that Bradford leads the country for a junior club."

"You'll give Woodstock second place, then?" asked Hal, cheerfully.

"I'll be disappointed if Woodstock can't keep up in second place," proclaimed Mr. Owen. "Nothing but battling with such a club as yours would ever give Bradford the work she needs in order to get to the top."

"The old fellow won't lose any tricks by such a little fault as not being sure enough," was Joe's comment, after Tod's father had moved away to consult with his son.

"And he's not far from being right, either," answered Frank, seriously. "Do you fellows realize that if Bradford gains on us during the next four months as she has during the last four months, then we'll be well back in second place to the next town?"

"That's right," nodded Sato.

And now the signal came for the second half.

It was Woodstock's kick-off, and Manley's toe for the task.

Whump! The ball soared, to the tune of a wild cheer.

It was plain that Manley could have kicked over goal line, had such a performance been entitled to score.

As it was, the pigskin, swerving at the last of its flight, had rolled to within four yards of the line before Leeson overtook it.

Then commenced some heavy fighting.

Bradford started with a magnificent interference, feinted

as if to send the ball around Woodstock's right, then quickly got the ball inside the interference again, and Tod had the supreme pleasure of bearing it thirty yards ere he was downed by Joe and Manley, with a swift avalanche of bodies following right after.

In the next three downs Bradford failed of the five yards, and so it came to Woodstock.

Something was in the air now.

No one knew exactly what it was, but every one felt it.

Manley was to spring a Woodstockian surprise.

That was the message that seemed to fly from brain to brain, and the crowd grew still in its sudden increase of watchfulness.

"Now, then, Frank!" bellowed one enthusiastic onlooker.

But it was such a tense moment, not to be broken by an unnecessary appeal, that a hundred voices went up in a soft, protesting murmur of:

"Hush!"

Now for a glimpse of Manley's new tactics.

There was a tense moment as Hal prepared for the snap-back.

Then the signal came, and with it the explosive surprise. Just at the snap-back Woodstock's rush line moved swiftly, curiously.

Hal himself, the instant that he had snapped, advanced a yard.

Guards, tackles and ends moved forward, all bent low.

Guards went a little in advance of Hal, tackles went still a little further forward, and ends still further forward.

Yet they formed almost in a half circle, and this brought the ends really nearer to center.

In the same twinkling instant left half back darted into place to block the hole from left end to left guard.

Right half back sprang to guard the openings from right end to guard, while full back, just a shade to the rear, darted in to watch between the two tackles.

Bradford looked uncertain for an instant. It was decidedly a new one on them.

They did not know how to meet it.

But Tod's command rang out sharply.

Just at the instant that the ball touched Manley Bradford snorted and charged.

Plump through Woodstock's interference they tried to hurl themselves.

Yet it was not so easy as it had seemed.

Bradford was forced to contract, to narrow its front, in order to get in.

And once in, there seemed no getting out.

Bradford was trapped—stopped—pocketed!

It was superb!

The harder Bradford fought to get through that defense the more hopelessly it seemed blocked.

And Manley, with the ball?

His sharply given signals had contemplated this trapping that could not be broken.

At the very instant that he and the pigskin met he passed



it to Everett, who passed it back to Frank, who tucked it securely and made a flying leap for the left end.

He chose that end for the reason that Winston and Sato both knew how to help him out at need.

Like a flash our hero was around the end.

Not quite straight down the field he went, but obliquing ever so little for the left side line.

And Winston and Sato, quiveringly alert, wriggled out of the plunging mass and started after him.

Bradford, too, was now in hot pursuit.

But the first man that went by Sato had the misfortune to stumble over the Jap's leg, planted just the instant before in front of his own.

One man down.

But two others of Bradford were in swift pursuit, bent on heading off Woodstock's rushing quarter.

Jackets collided with one, and both rolled on the ground.

One man had still a chance to reach Manley, but he saw Sato and wavered.

So brief was that wavering that a dull observer would not have noted it.

But the gain of a second and a fraction was all that Captain Manley needed.

He was clear now!

The field was his!

Rushing at top speed, he carried himself down and over the line.

A yard beyond he plunged slantingly and fell over the ball.

Touchdown!

Score five for Woodstock!

But in going down Manley had struck and slipped on a tiny stone.

His right leg was not badly wrenched, yet enough so that for the time being it quivered nervously.

"It's nothing," he told Hal. "But I don't want to trust to a kick. It shall be yours."

And Joe held the ball.

Hal took all the time he needed, carefully directing the aim, and then stepped back for the start and the kick.

Whump! It was not Hal's fault. He had played a strong, keen game, and now he was just tired enough so that the ball grazed the under side of the cross-bar.

Woodstock kicked off. Bradford got the ball and gained some ground.

In two scrimmages Tod advanced the ball a trifle.

Then the whistle blew sharply for the end of the second half and of the game.

Woodstocks, 5 to 0!

Well, it wasn't so bad for the opening game, and against such a well coached and strong team as Bradford.

Evidently that was the opinion among the spectators, for now, as the youngsters started for the locker house, the crowd broke loose in such yelling as junior athletes seldom hear.

Hek was crestfallen, but he smiled and endeavored to look cheerful.

There was a queer twitching in Coach Wetherell's face as he stepped forward, seized our hero's hand and said:

"Manley, I must congratulate you. That half-circle defense was a stroke of genius. But don't dare to try it again!"

"No?" asked Frank, cheerfully.

"No, sir! For Bradford is forewarned now, and you'll never get us in such a muffler again. If you form that curved line another time we'll know how to smash it to flinders!"

As Frank dressed in the locker room a small envelope was handed him.

Inside was Kitty Dunstan's visiting card, on the reverse side of which was daintily pencilled:

"The general who could plan that wonderful defense has a genius for war!"

## CHAPTER XII.

### WALLIE HAS HIS INNINGS.

THE day's excitement was not destined to have so early an ending.

Most of the crowd had left the grounds.

A few score, however, still remained to greet the victors as they came out.

Into this crowd Frank and his Woodstock boys, with several of the Bradford youngsters, stepped as they left the grounds.

"It was great, Manley!"

"Fine!"

"If you have a few more of those tricks left, no club of your own rating will get anything from you this year!"

"Woodstock always has the newest!"

"And the brainiest!"

"This is more of your doing, Manley," came a voice from a carriage.

The speaker was Mr. Thomas Jackson, the wealthiest man in town, and, with excellently good reason, a warm backer of the club.

"I thank you all," replied Manley, readily, "but in behalf of the club—not of myself. The play that won your applause was something in which all of eleven men played a vital part. Had a single one defaulted in that half-circle play the thing would have failed. It was a play that needed every player at his post, keen and full of life and brains. Every man did what was expected of him, and that was why we got that touchdown. Mine was the easiest part of the whole play, so you see how little I am entitled to any praise."

"But who got up the trick?"



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**Out To-Day**

**Out To-Day**

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**Out To-Day**

**Out To-Day**



*(Continued from page 24.)*

"Yes, that's what we want to know," shouted some one else.

"It was gotten up by the whole eleven," replied Manley, promptly. We practiced it, studied it—picked it to pieces and built it up again. Every man, down to the scrubs, had some say in it. And when we made the final line-up for the game every man was picked for the position where he could do the best work in or back of that half circle. It was team work, even down to the first planning of the play."

"That's all right," nodded Hal, "and true enough, as far as it goes. But it was Frank who first suggested the move and who really built it up for us."

"Thought so!" came the chorused answer.

"Don't try to dodge the credit, Manley!"

"It's yours!"

"Wrong there!" laughed Frank. "I was not, by any means, the first to think of the curved pocket for the enemy. The man who first sprung it as a plan must have seen the line form so from accident. He had the brains to organize the scheme after that, and we fellows had the luck or the good sense to see something in it."

"What's your opinion of it, Tod?" came a voice from the crowd.

"We'll give our opinion of the pocket the next time it's tried on us," was his reply.

His laugh rang good-humoredly, but he was keenly upset over the trick that had made the game a fiasco for Bradford.

Then, just in a twinkling, football fled from the stage, for somebody shouted:

"Look what's coming down the street!"

It was a curious enough procession, surely.

More than a dozen men, armed with guns, were patrolling the sidewalk on either side, while in the middle of the road tramped four miserable-looking men.

"Winston, hurrah!" gulped Wallie, suddenly. "Those are the fellows who tried to hold us for ransom! They're taken!"

Behind the whole procession drove Wallie's father in a buggy.

Mr. Egbert, as was quite natural after all his efforts, looked grimly pleased over the result.

But Wallie just as suddenly gave voice to keen disappointment as the prisoners and their guards came nearer.

"All taken alive!" cried the little fellow.

"Well, you bloodthirsty little wretch!" laughed Frank, "how did you want to see them?"

"What did those other fellows have guns for?" questioned young Egbert, dubiously.

None of the prisoners was handcuffed. There was no need for that. So many alert guards made an attempt at escape seem inadvisable.

Perhaps some of the guards half hoped that some of the prisoners would make a break toward freedom!

As they reached the crowd the captives were halted for the curious to look them over.

"Well, Wallie," called his father, "are these sure enough your friends of the other day?"

"The same crowd," nodded young Egbert.

"We got them. They didn't dare to fight. We penned them in a swamp this morning. They had to be surrounded, and then we drove them slowly toward waiting guns."

"Did they fight?" demanded Wallie, eagerly.

"There wasn't a chance to. We had them up against too many guns. So they did the wisest thing and passed their revolvers over."

"They look good and healthy," smiled Frank, as he looked at Wallie's father.

"Yes? Why? What do you mean?"

"Oh, they'll be able to work out long terms behind the bars."

"If they don't have to," howled Mr. Egbert, "it'll be a huge miscarriage of justice."

The leader of the gang was doing his best to appear unconcerned.

He stood at ease in the middle of the street, lazily returning the curious gaze of the onlookers.

At the talk of prison service he smiled genially.

Plainly, he took pride in the thought of going to jail gamely.

Not so his three companions.

They looked wretched—utterly woe-begone.

All the "brag" had departed from them.

From their manner they would have been glad to plead "guilty" on the spot and go to prison, with the suspense over.

"I'm glad, young man, that you're so glad to see me," laughed the leader of the gang at last.

"Speaking to me?" demanded Wallie, combatively.

"Why, yes."

"Say," demanded Wallie, icily, "don't you think you've got a good, big share of cheek?"

But the wretch laughed as if he enjoyed the insinuation.

"I suppose I never was easily cast down," he admitted.

"Unless it was when we toppled you over the other night," rejoined young Egbert, with taunting reminiscence.

The leader of the gang had been walking slowly along by the curb.

Now, before any one had warning of his purpose, he leaped suddenly ahead.

Those down the road might have sprung to block him, but there was a new and instant source of excitement.

For Wallie, like a flash, snatched the gun from the nearest guard, ran a few steps in pursuit, and then fell upon one knee, swiftly sighting.

Those ahead scampered to the sides of the street for safety.

"Stop!" yelled Wallie, "or I'll take great joy in shooting!"

But the fugitive sped away as if he felt anything preferable to prison bars.

Wallie had sighted carefully, and he was clever with a rifle.



But suddenly his little face went white and he shook.

That was just as Manley darted by him.

"Catch him, Frank," quivered the little fellow, and let the butt of the gun fall.

For Manley it was an easy performance.

He gained swiftly. There was a spring—a pounce—and he bore the fugitive to the ground.

There the hurrying-up guards took the wretch in hand.

"Why, Wallie," laughed Frank, "I thought your pirate's blood had come to the surface. Why didn't you fire?"

"Perhaps you think it would have been fun," choked the little fellow.

He looked woe-begone.

"Wouldn't it have?" smiled Frank.

"No, sir-ree! It came over me just in a flash that it's a mighty solemn thing to kill a man. I—I b'lieve I'd a let him get away sooner than have pulled that trigger. Yes, I know I would!"

"Well, it's a mighty good thing to get one's bloodthirsty instincts in hand at an early age," nodded Frank.

The four kidnappers had no further chance for escape. In the due course of the administration of the law they went to prison for more years than they cared to contemplate.

As for Frank, he, with Hal, went to the store soon after Wallie's "slump."

There they found two very much interested young ladies awaiting them.

"We simply couldn't help waiting to congratulate you on such a splendid opening of the football season," cried Kitty, giving our hero her little hand, while Hal and Grace wandered to another part of the shop, ostensibly to gaze at the backs of some new books in stock.

"It was a fair start," admitted Frank. "I hope we'll be able to keep it up."

"I never saw a Woodstock crowd so delighted before," Kitty went on. "You know, from the stand it began to look as if Bradford had rather the better of the thing."

"And that broke your hearts, I suppose?" laughed Frank.

"It certainly would have some such awful result if we were to find our boys second in anything athletic," rejoined Kitty.

"Just the same, my dear girl, I must tell you that we've got to be careful if we're going to keep on putting Bradford in second place."

"Oh, you'll do it!" declared Kitty, with sublime confidence in her own unplumed knight. "But I have something else to talk about. Do you remember those dancing socials that our club invited yours to last spring?"

"Do I?" echoed Frank, with intense enthusiasm.

"Well," Kitty went on, "we're planning to start those socials going again. What afternoon of the week would be most agreeable, do you think?"

"Any afternoon of any week after Thanksgiving week," replied Frank, quickly.

But Miss Dunstan looked greatly disappointed.

"Not before?" she asked.

There was a slight quiver in her voice.

"Why, now see here, little sweetheart," Frank went on, in a voice too low for any one else to hear, "the season is a short one, and one afternoon a week lost from practice might drive us to second or even third place. I don't believe you would stand for that?"

"No; nor could we endure being the cause of it," was Kitty's answer.

She rallied swiftly from her first disappointment, and, after a moment's pause, she added:

"The girls' club would have no right to existence if it wanted to do anything that would put the boys' club in second place in a game of any kind."

"That's a kind view to take, dear."

"But now you can't refuse the other favor," Kitty went on, brightly.

"I wouldn't have the heart! What is it?"

"I know you're pretty busy Saturday evenings in the store, but can't you make an exception to-night and come up to the house?"

"I'll be there, unless unexpected lightning strikes!"

"And you'll get Hal to come up with you?"

"Under the circumstances I couldn't get the dear old fellow to do anything else without whipping him into insensibility," retorted Frank, laughing at his own bull. "Hal, I've made a promise for you."

"It's all right," called back Spofford, not taking the trouble to inquire what the promise was.

## THE END.

Next week's story will be brimful of the kind of generalship that wins football games. It is just the kind of a story that will make every healthy young American work twice as hard to perfect himself in the great game. There's a big, bright thread of human interest running through this narrative of exciting doings on the gridiron and off. "FRANK MANLEY'S PRIZE TACKLE; or, The Football Tactics That Win," will be published complete in No. 6 of Frank Manley's Weekly, out next week!

**SPECIAL NOTICE:** All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.



## PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

By "Physical Director"

No. 37.

There is an odd notion that probably comes to everyone at times. I have it just now.

I wish very earnestly that during the next few weeks I could be in a thousand places at once. I would hugely enjoy being on hand to advise a thousand football clubs made up of young Americans.

This seems like wishing a whole lot, doesn't it? Now, I wouldn't wish to coach you. If you are fortunate, you are already provided with good coaches.

Independent of coaching, however, there is much that can be done in the way of giving vital advice to clubs that are to be put up on winning lines.

It is the little things that count for so much—in football as well as in every other battle of life. If these little things, which often are too little INSISTED upon by coaches, are ignored, the aspiring gridiron team is badly handicapped when meeting better governed elevens.

First of all, there is the little matter of personal habits. At the first sound of these words I know a good many of you will feel, disappointedly, that you are in for some preaching.

Can you bring yourselves to take the word of one who played his first games of football twenty years ago that preaching is often needed by young athletes, and by none more than young football players?

Now, in the way of habits, there is first of all that nasty little one of smoking. A football player should be a bull for endurance and a sprinter for speed. The use of tobacco kills both endurance and speed.

Then late hours kill the gridiron man. The training work is severe and at no time of the year is so much sleep required, or at such regular hours. If you are really in football to win, then make it a rule to be abed early every night until Thanksgiving. The rule will pay big dividends in the game.

And if you feel tired in the morning, sleep a little longer. Out on the football field you employ a vast amount of energy, and all the tissues need more of the up-building that comes through sleep.

Now, in the matter of bathing there needs to be some revision while you are at the game. The cold bath alone isn't enough; neither will the hot bath alone suffice.

Just as soon as you have gotten the field togs off, step into a warm bath. Football, as you know, brings out a lot of perspiration. It is absolutely essential to condition that this perspiration be removed from the skin. Therefore

have the water comfortably hot, and use the purest soap that you can get. Real castile is the best.

As soon as you get out of the warm bath, go in for the cold one, for while you are at football you need this tonic to the skin. The best means of taking the cold bath is to soak a towel in cold water and to go all over yourself vigorously, wetting the towel again several times during this cold bath.

Then rub down vigorously. After this is over, in case your muscles are sore or stiff, rub yourself with a mixture of equal parts of alcohol and witch hazel.

After dressing for the field, never go out except in sweater and blanket. Do not cast these aside until just as you are ready to step out on to the gridiron.

Moreover, be mighty sure that while waiting to play, or during the rests between play, you do not sit on the ground. Don't do it, even if you are heavily blanketed! When the body is hot and tired it is no time to rest the warm flesh and muscles against the cold ground. If there are no benches, then stand sooner than risk going prematurely stale from catching cold.

Surely no young athlete would think of using alcoholic stimulants when training! Yet how many of you are aware that tea and coffee are almost as dangerous stimulants, except for the fact that they don't intoxicate? So, if you haven't already brought yourselves to the abandonment of tea and coffee, at least make up your minds that you will do so as long as you are in football training.

Except at meal-times, drink plenty of water all through the season. When playing, however, do not do more than to rinse your mouth with water until the game is over. Even then, abstain from swallowing any water until you are bathed and dressed. I wish I could make every reader realize just how important this free drinking of water is to the hard-worked athlete. The water flushes out all the tissues of the body and makes possible the building-up of much better tissue throughout.

As to food, the simpler fare you eat the better will be your condition for the game. In recent Talks I have told you much about the best kind of diet for this time of the year. Some of you may feel that such a diet is not "hearty" enough for an athlete. If that is your view, I beg to assure you that it offers the best possible kind of diet for a football man, and that I had in mind the devotees of the game when I wrote those talks.

The time of the year has come when many a foolish person closes his windows at night for fear that the "night air" will do him fearful harm. A more dangerous idea was never conceived. If you are to awake strong and refreshed in the morning, you cannot possibly have too much of the outside air in your sleeping apartment!

I wish again, indeed, that I could be at once in a thousand places at present and talk these ideas thoroughly into all of my readers.

Of course I can write down all this very important advice for you, and equally of course you can all read and digest it. Now, how many of you will help me to help you by really observing all of the points enumerated above?



# Letters from Readers

**NOTICE.**—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as "Frank Manley's Weekly" is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

Baltimore, Md., July 7, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read twenty-four of The Young Athlete's Weekly, and they are great! I saw in one that a cold bath in the morning was good. I had been used to hot baths, and it was a shock at first, but I have become accustomed to it now, and it makes me feel fine. I am 12 years 8 months old, and am 5 feet tall. I weigh, stripped, 75 pounds. Am I in good proportion to my age? I am "baseball crazy," and am wild to become a good player. I have gotten many good hints from your books. The boys around here are crazy over them. With good wishes for the future of the Young Athlete's, I am,

Yours truly,

L. W. M.

You are a little light, but that is to be expected at your age. How is your waist? It should be about 23 inches. I must compliment you on a letter so excellently written at your age, with all the capital letters and the punctuation where they belong, and the paragraphing well done. I am convinced that, while going in enthusiastically for sport, you are not in the least neglecting your studies. Good!

Butte, Mont., July, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I would like to have you answer these questions: (1) How are my measurements? Age, 15 years; neck, 11½ inches; chest normal 28 inches, expanded 30 inches; waist, 26 inches; weight, 98 pounds; biceps, 10 inches; forearm, 9 inches; wrist, 6¼ inches; breadth across shoulders, 14 inches; thighs, 17 inches; calves, 12½ inches; ankle, 8 inches. (2) What are my weak points and strong points? (3) When I wake up mornings I would like to take a run, but I feel so weak I can't get up. I go in swimming three times a day. Is it this that makes me feel weak mornings? Wishing you success, I remain,

An Unhappy Boy.

Height omitted, so cannot answer first two questions. (3) My dear boy, you are overdoing the swimming. One swim of from ten to twenty minutes a day, according to condition, should be enough for the average boy. When any exercise leaves you weak you must understand that you are overdoing it.

Worcester, Mass., July 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of your valuable weekly, I would like to have you answer a few questions for me. I am 12 years old; weight, 79 pounds; height, 4 feet 8½ inches. Is riding a bicycle 20 miles a day, once a week, harmful? I can ride one-quarter of a mile in 40 seconds. How is this? I have my handle-bars one inch higher than being flat, so that I do not have to bend over them. A reader of your weekly.

Walter A. White.

In several issues recently I have pointed out the abuses that can make bicycle riding harmful. Your performance is not fast, but in my opinion is fast enough. Running, with judgment, will do you much more good than wheeling. One is not wise who takes all his training on the bicycle.

Dallas, Tex., July 3, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read your Athlete's Weekly from No. 1 to date, and think it the best published. In the last number I read you told how school boys should form a club. I would like a talk on a working boys' club. Below are a few of my

measurements: Age, 16 years 6 months; weight, 125 pounds; neck, 13 inches; chest normal 20 inches, expanded 34 inches; height, 5 feet 3½ inches; wrists, 6½ inches; forearms, 9 inches. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

A Constant Reader.

Your measurements are a little large for your age and height, but I rejoice at your splendid chest expansion, which shows that the athletic foundation is fine. There have been talks in former numbers about the way boys who work should go in for the physical training life. It is a subject with which I am by no means through.

Dear Physical Director:

You cannot comprehend the good Young Athlete's Weekly has done for us in the starting of our club. The Now or Never Boys are doing good work since starting to build up their physical being. Your weekly is always a welcome visitor at our gym. We have a nice office, with two departments. One is used at present for a meeting place to transact any official business. And for the time we have been organized we have progressed most wonderfully. And it is all due to Young Athlete's. I thank you for any suggestion you may offer to us for the up-building of our club and boys. We now have about thirty members, all good boys, who are trying to do all they can, physically as well as morally, for the benefit of our younger boys, who have to come on in our wake. We are under by-laws and rules to obey everything. They are all reaching out for that perfect manhood which every boy and young man should be proud to possess. Frank Manley is our model to go by. We all think his club is great. All hail to Frank Manley. And Kitty, well she is a nice girl, one that any boy should be proud to claim as a sweetheart. I hope to soon write you that we also have a girls' club, too, in our town. They seem eager to start one, so I guess it is an assured fact. I am doing all I can to build up our boys and girls, physically as well as morally. I hope to soon see more clubs being organized. Physical Director should be given a yearly Xmas present of value, something to give him a great reflection on his work in after years to come. I can say I am doing all I can to build up a big circulation in our city, or town, rather, as it is not a city by any means yet. I wrote you some five or six weeks ago on the same subject, but have not seen any reply in Young Athlete's Weekly as yet. Well, as I have to churn for mother I will close. Wishing long life to Frank Manley, his comrades, also Physical Director and Publisher, and further hoping this won't reach the waste-basket, I remain,

Your friend,

John R. Rains,

President of Now or Never Boys.

You are certainly hustling, and the Now or Never Boys bid fair to overtake the Up and At 'Em Boys. I wish you all success, and most heartily, too. Frequent competitions and exhibitions ought to do a great deal to keep up the interest. It is a good idea to change the routine of the gymnastic work at frequent intervals. The way the Up and At 'Em Boys go from one form of training to another will give you an idea. It is a fine idea, too, to get the girls interested in a companionable club of their own. The best Christmas present that you can give Physical Director will be a report of greatly increased membership. All readers of The Young Athlete's Weekly will be interested in reports from this hustling club. Now, who else will report the formation of a new club?

Hazleton, Pa., July 14, 1905.

Dear Physleal Director:

I am a lover of The Young Athlete's Weekly, and I wish to become strong and healthy. Could you give me an outline to go by regarding my diet and exercise? I guess I overdo eating and exercise, and so would like an outline to go by. Here are my measurements: Neck, 12 inches; chest, normal 32 inches, expanded 33 inches; around shoulders, 24 inches; waist, 27 inches; hips, 31 inches; thigh, 18 inches; knee, 14 inches; calves, 13 inches; ankle, 10 inches; right bleep, flexed 9 inches; expanded 10¼ inches; left, same; wrist, 7 inches; 16 years 8 months; weight, 106 pounds; height, 5 feet 6 inches tall. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my defects? I work in the mines 9 hours every day. I walk four miles a day at work. I walk and run at least eight hours a day. Is this good?

J. W. McLivech.

Your measurements are on the slender order, which is natural at your age. Your occupation gives you a good deal of healthful activity. You need an inch more of chest expansion principally. Go in for deep breathing and the breathing drill explained in No. 27. Full dietetic advice in Talks, Nos. 33, 34 and 35.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 20, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Will you please answer some questions? Here are my measurements: Age, 13 years 9 months; height, 4 feet 7 inches; chest, 25 inches, expanded 26½ inches; upper arm 6½ inches, expanded 8 inches; wrist, 5 inches; neck, 11 inches; calves, 10½ inches; hips, 15 inches. My arms are very small and weak. How are my measurements? My weight is 70 pounds. I exercise as much as I can.

Yours respectfully,

A Smoky City Reader.

Measurements of good average, but can be improved by steady training. The arms, especially, need work.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 18, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read The Young Athlete's Weekly since No. 1, I take the liberty of sending my measurements: Age, 14 years; weight, 119 pounds; height, 5 feet 3¼ inches bare feet; neck, 13 inches; shoulders, 17½ inches across; chest, 34 inches expanded; bicep, right arm 11 inches, lower part 10½ inches; waist, 33 inches; thigh, 18 inches; calves, 13 inches. What are my weak points and my good points? What am I built for? Hoping that this skips the waste-basket, I remain,

A Loyal Reader,

Samuel Jones.

You should make a good all-around gymnast. Your measurements are good; whether your chest expansion is sufficient I cannot tell, as you omitted the measurement of the chest normal.

Shreveport, La., July 17, 1905.

Dear Physleal Director:

As I read The Young Athlete's Weekly, I send you my measurements, which are: Age, 15 years 1 month; height, 5 feet 8½ inches; around shoulders, 40 inches; neck, 14 inches; chest contracted 31 inches, normal 33 inches, expanded 37 inches; waist, 29 inches; right bicep, 11 inches; left bicep, 10½ inches; forearms, 10 inches; wrists, 7 inches; around hips, 33 inches; thighs, 19 inches; calves, 13½ inches. I can chin myself 12 times. (1) How are these measurements? (2) Am I below or above the average? (3) What is the best way to develop the back? (4) Please name my weak points. (5) My strong ones, if I have any. Well, I will not take up any more of your valuable space. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Podunk.

(1) Very good build. (2) Well above average. (3) Horizontal bar work and the bag drills explained in Nos. 35, 36 and 37. (4) Bleeps only. (5) All other points good.

Dear Physical Director:

Could not be without your Young Athlete's Weekly. If I could only get one copy I would not sell it for \$5. I am 16 years old; height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 106 pounds. What do you



think of my height and weight? Please give me exercises for taking on weight. Would give you the rest of my body measurements, but I do not know how to measure them.

Albert J. Marquard.

Height and weight are in good proportion at your age. Measurements are taken stripped—the girth of the chest, normal and expanded, the measurement around the neck, waist, thigh, calf, etc.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 18, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been an interested reader of your weekly since its first appearance, and I firmly believe that it is the best weekly of its kind published. Below I give you my measurements; kindly tell me my weak points and my strong ones, if I have any. Age, 17 years 7 months: weight, 120 pounds; height, 5 feet 5 inches; neck, 14 inches; chest, normal 31 inches, expanded 36½ inches; waist, 28 inches; forearm, 10½ inches; biceps, 11 inches; wrist, 6 5-8 inches; across shoulders, 20 inches; calf, 12 inches; thigh, 18½ inches. (1) Do you intend to have football hints in the Fall? (2) Can you tell me anything that will stop me from having a disagreeable taste in my mouth on awakening? (3) There is a hollow between my shoulder blades. Is there any exercise that will help this? Hoping to hear from you soon through your paper, I am

Yours truly,

Edward Lewis.

All measurements are in fine proportion. (1) All popular sports will be exhaustively treated in their seasons. (2) First of all, always chew your food to find pulp; drink glass or two of water before retiring, and drink pint of hot water on rising. (3) All exercises that employ the back and shoulder muscles vigorously.

Waverly, O., July 17, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 15 years old and weigh 125 pounds. As I am very anxious to become an athlete, would you please tell me in "Athlete's" what would be the best exercise I could take? Would it be all right to get up at 5 o'clock and run about one-quarter of a mile and then cool off and go swimming for about five minutes and then run back and take deep breathing exercise and about 15 minutes with dumbbells and Indian clubs? Hoping to see this answered soon, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Bert Woods.

The exercise course you outline is a fair one, but why so little running? If you follow the exercises that the Up and At 'Em Boys are doing at the different seasons of the year you will get my idea of what I think to be the best possible training for you.

Chicago, Ill., July 10, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read all of your weeklies, from No. 1 to No. 24, I take the liberty of writing to you. I am 14 years 3 months; my thigh measures 18 inches; calves, 12½ inches; neck, 12½ inches; around shoulders, 36 inches; right arm, 9½ inches, flexed 10½ inches; forearm 10½ inches, flexed 12½ inches; wrist, 7 inches; chest, normal 31 inches, expanded 33½ inches; weight, about 122 pounds; height, 5 feet 5½ inches; around hips, 32 inches. (1) How am I? (2) What are my weak points? I play baseball, football and all outdoor sports. I have never used any kind of apparatus, my strength coming naturally. I hope that this letter does not reach the waste-basket. I remain,

Yours truly,

W. J. B.

(1) Good average build. (2) Chest expansion should be an inch more. Use breathing drill, explained in No. 27.

Benning, D. C., July 12, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read The Young Athlete's Weekly from No. 1 to the present number, and think it is the best weekly for a boy to read. What is your idea about my measurements? I am 15 years old, weigh 101 pounds, and am 5 feet 3 inches tall; neck, 12 inches; calves, 12 inches; thigh, 18 inches; chest, normal 31 inches, ex-

panded 34 inches; waist, 27 inches; forearm 8½ inches, flexed 10½ inches. Wishing a long life to the publisher and writer, I remain,

A Faithful Reader.

Waist too large, and neck and calf at least half inch too small. Other measurements very satisfactory.

Alken, S. C., July 21, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a great admirer of your paper and take the liberty of asking you a few questions. I am 14 years 6 months old. The following are my measurements: Chest, normal 28½ inches, expanded 32 inches; waist, 28 inches; weight, 110 pounds; height, 5 feet 6½ inches. (1) Is my height right for my age? (2) How much ought I to weigh. (3) What kind of exercise ought I take to enlarge my legs? Hoping I will see this in print, and with three big cheers for the Physical Director and Frank, I remain,

Yours truly,

E. A. McCreary.

(1) Quite tall for your age. (2) About 120 pounds. (3) Distance running; also use the rowing machine if you have access to one.

Laurium, Mich., June 21, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As a reader of The Young Athlete's Weekly, I would like to ask a few questions; I am 19 years old; height, 6 feet 1¾ inches; weight, 160 pounds. I am too thin for my height. How can I take on weight? After I do a hard day's work I sometimes have a tired feeling around my heart. What causes it? Have I a weak heart? If so, am I in danger to take exercises such as is the work of an athlete? I go in for sparring, bag-punching and dumbbell exercise, but have left sparring out for some time. Of late I have taken breathing exercises regularly. Please give me your best advice, and oblige,

Yours most sincerely,

North Star.

You should have ten or twelve pounds more weight. I cannot offer an opinion about your heart. If you will have your physician examine it and send me his written statement I will advise you as to training. I imagine that the feeling is due to lessened nerve force after hard work, but your physician's report would tell me just what to advise, which I will gladly do if you wish.

Providence, R. I., July 22, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have seen many write their measurements to you, so I thought I would. Neck, 12¾ inches; wrist, 6¾ inches; biceps, right 9 inches, left 8½ inches; from shoulder to shoulder, 16 inches; chest, normal 26 inches, expanded 29 inches; waist 24 inches; hips, 26 inches; calves, 10 inches; weight, 83 pounds; height, 5 feet; age, 14 years 8 months. We have baseball on warm afternoons. I get very warm and my face gets red and then I have got to stop playing. When sleeping, I sweat very much. After sleeping for a half hour I wake and find myself with sweat just as if I had a bath. What can I do to stop this. Please tell me my weak points.

Yours truly,

Harry Rosen.

Waist too large and calf too small. I confess that I do not understand your sweating so profusely unless it is due solely to the heat. It is plain, however, that in the hot weather you should take care not to exercise too hard. Don't overdo it!

Dear Physical Director:

As I am a reader of your finest of fine weeklies, The Young Athlete's Weekly, I take the liberty to ask you a few questions as to my measurements. Here they are: Age, 16½ years; height, 5 feet 5 inches; waist, 27 inches; shoulders, 19 inches; calf, 14 inches; biceps, 11½ inches; weight, 100 pounds stripped; chest, normal 31 inches, expanded 34 inches; neck, 13½ inches; thighs, 19 inches; wrists, 7¼ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How can I improve my defects? I belong to a gymnastic club, and I go every night, and I think I am improving rapidly. Wishing a long life to Frank

July 19, 1905.

Manley and his ohums, Physical Director and all of the readers of this fine weekly, I am,

Would-be Athlete.

P. S.—I can hold my breath 1 minute 20 seconds. How is that?

(1) Excellent! (2) I fail to note any defects. Keep right on at your club. You are doing splendidly!

Kerhonkson, Ulster Co., N. Y.,

July 19, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I am a constant reader of your fine weekly, I take the liberty to ask a few questions. (1) I am 4 feet 8 inches tall; calves, 12 inches; neck, 12 inches; wrist, 7 inches; weight, 86 pounds in street clothes; thigh, 19 inches; ankles, 10 inches; chest, 29½ inches, expanded 31½ inches. (2) What must I do to grow and gain weight, wind, strength and quickness?

Yours truly,

Leroy Swart.

P. S.—I am 11 years 5 months old.

You are well built. Take up with general exercise—running, club and ball work, horizontal bar and punching-bag, wrestling and deep breathing.

New York, July 23, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I would like to ask you some questions, which I hope you will answer. My measurements are as follows: Age, 11 years 10 months; height, 4 feet 8 inches; weight, 69 pounds; neck, 10½ inches; shoulder to shoulder, 13 inches; chest, contracted 22½ inches, expanded 23½ inches; waist, 23 inches; forearm, 8½ inches; ankle, 8½ inches; knee, 12 inches; wrist, 5 inches. (1) Are these measurements good? (2) Which are my weak points? (3) How long should it take me to run 250 yards? (4) Have a bad wind. What should I do to improve it? (5) Where can I buy gymnastic apparatus? (6) Are The Young Athlete Weeklies true? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

An Ardent Admirer.

(1) Good in the main. (2) Inch and a half more chest expansion needed; waist too large. (3) Cannot offer opinion. (4) Improve by very gradual degrees in running distances at an easy jog. (5) Your bookseller can tell you. (6) True as steel!

Bedford City, Va., July 22, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am sorry to state that having retaken my measurements, I find that they were wrong in a former letter. Age, 14 years 9 months; weight, 118 pounds; neck, 13 inches; across shoulders, 37 inches; chest, normal 30 inches, expanded 32 inches; biceps, normal 9 inches, expanded 10 inches; wrist, 7 inches; waist, normal 25½ inches, contracted 24 inches; thigh, 19 inches; calf, 13 inches; height, 5 feet 4 inches. (1) Please tell me in what condition I am in? (2) What parts are not well developed? I remain, a more interested reader of your helpful book,

Mason Preas.

P. S.—I am glad to say that my wind is better than when I wrote you last.

(1) Better than average measurements. (2) Inch and a half more chest expansion needed. Work at breathing drill in No. 27.

Matthews, Ind., July 24, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all of The Young Athlete's Weekly but Number 11, and I would like to know if you have it in print. I take the liberty to ask you a few questions. I am 15 years old; weight, 115 pounds; chest, normal 30 inches, expanded 33 inches; neck, 12 inches; thigh, 17¼ inches; waist, 30 inches; biceps, 9 inches; calves, 11¼ inches; ankles, 9 inches; wrist, 6¼ inches; height, 5 feet 3 inches. Wishing good luck to Physical Director and Frank Manley, I remain,

Yours truly,

Nestor R. Schoy.

(1) Yes; all back numbers in print. (2) Neck and calves too small; other measurements satisfactory at your age, with the exception of waist-line, which should be trimmed down by vigorous exercise, especially abdominal drills in Nos. 28 and 32.



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